SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.*

Vol. 60. Publication Office, No. 726 Sansom St. **PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881.** $3.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. **No. 36.**

THE SOWER.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of harvest joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As the years that are past have been.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The seed of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain;
Sow well, and yon gladly reap.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthly bed,
And stand so yellow some morn,
That beast and man may be fed.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LADY GRAHAME had grown tired of coquetry, and every interview that she had with Mr. Fulton increased her liking and admiration for him. He had given a ball at his house under the management of Mrs. Henderson. It had been a complete success. The sumptuous rooms were all thrown open, gold and silver plate blazed upon the table, and on every side there were profuse indications of wealth. Lady Grahame noted with a keen eye the display of magnificence. Her house was furnished with taste and elegance, but such splendor as she saw here was not within her means. It would be very pleasant to preside as mistress in such an establishment.

The next time Paul Fulton called on the fair widow he was more warmly welcomed than usual, nor was he slow to understand the reason why, and he continued that morning, despite his bland, smiling face, to assume a most miserable expression.

"Do you not think, Lady Grahame," he said, "that you have tortured me quite long enough? You smile on every one. When will you smile upon me?"

"I am smiling now, Mr. Fulton," replied the widow coquettishly; "ask Miss Lowe if I am ever seen without smiles."

"You know what I mean, Lady Grahame," he continued; "when will you say to me that my devotion and sincere love has touched you, and the prize that I have hoped for so long is mine at last?"

Lady Grahame did not turn away this time; she had made up her mind to hear all what her lover had to say.

"I will do my best to make you happy," continued Mr. Fulton, reading correctly the coy expression of the comely face. "I am wealthy, and able to gratify all your wishes. Tell me, Lady Grahame, are you willing to be my wife?"

The fair widow managed a most becoming blush as she implied, rather than said, she had no reason for deferring her consent.

Mr. Fulton expressed a due amount of rapture and delight, and then began to plead for a speedy marriage.

"That does not quite rest with me," said Lady Grahame. "My late husband, Sir Wilton, foresaw that I should probably remarry, and expressed no wish to the contrary. But by his will, I must inform you, that I (as well as the money left to me) remain under the care of two trustees. One is my uncle, Lord Hereby; the other a distant cousin, Mr. Beauchamp. All arrangements as to settlements must be made with them, and it is in their power to refuse consent. I am quite in their hands."

"There is no reason to fear any refusal or unpleasantness from them, I presume," said Mr. Fulton proudly. "I will make them offers over settlements that will meet with their approbation."

"Their consent or refusal is not really a matter of great moment," said Lady Grahame. "If for any reason they refuse, the worst that they can do is to limit my income, and control, in some degree, my money; but I do not anticipate anything of the kind. My uncle, Lord Hereby, is very proud. He would, I think, be pleased at my marriage, provided the pedigree and fortune of my husband met with his approval, as they would do in this case," she added, with a smile.

At the word "pedigree" a sudden fear chilled the bright hopes and fancies of Mr. Fulton. What if these tiresome old guardians or trustees should ask unpleasant questions about his family? What was he to say? It would be easy to invent, but these inventions were never sure; at any time they might fail, and the lies they concealed stand out all in bare deceit. He could only hope and trust that, satisfied with his vast wealth and liberal offers, the fair widow's guardians would ask no tiresome questions.

He proclaimed his triumph loudly; he managed to inform every friend he met that he hoped soon to marry the fashionable and highly connected Lady Grahame. By some means or other the report spread everywhere, and Mr. Fulton soon found that he had calculated rightly. Invitations poured in upon him; people who never before deigned to notice him offered him every civility now that he was to marry one of the most popular of fashionable ladies. Some of the best houses in London were thrown open to him. Men who had passed him by with a cool nod of recognition now stopped to shake him by the hand, and he said to himself, over and over again, what a wise and clever thing he had done!

Then one morning he started for a private interview with the formidable trustees. Mr. Beauchamp, a nervous man, afraid of everything and everybody, said but little. He asked Mr. Fulton if he liked shooting and if he had known Sir Wilton Grahame,—two rather singular questions, considering the errand upon which he had come.

Lord Hereby was altogether of another caste. He was perhaps one of the proudest and haughtiest men living. Loving and admiring his own order, disliking and despising all those who did not belong to it, in his eyes nothing was worthy of honor and esteem save high birth and noble blood. Genius, talents, bravery, were all nothing, when compared to the glory of a long pedigree; wealth, money, had little attraction for him. He was anxious to see his niece, Lady Grahame, married, providing she espoused a man of good birth and ample fortune.

When Mr. Fulton stood before the two guardians of his promised bride, he dismissed one from his mind and gathered all his resources for a combat with the other. He approached Lord Hereby with that mixture of deference and admiration that he knew so well how to assume. Again he almost cursed the "accidents" of his life. If he could have appeared before Lord Hereby as the father of one of the most beautiful and noble women in England, the young Countess of Baynecham, all would have been clear sailing; as it was, the anxious lover fired his heaviest guns first. He declared the object of his visit, the deep admiration he felt for Lady Grahame, and the munificent settlements he offered her, and Lord Hereby listened to him with well bred indifference.

"Lady Grahame is of an age to judge for herself what promises best for her own happiness," he said. "She was young when Sir Wilton died; that is why we left us as her guardians, charging us, in the event of her second marriage, to act for her, and attend to her interests. Your offer of settlement is, I feel bound to say, a munificent one, and so far everything seems satisfactory; but my niece belongs, as perhaps you know, Mr. Fulton, to a very aristocratic family, and we should like, before making any final arrangements, a few particulars of your own."

Then Paul Fulton stood before the barrier of his own erection, and knew not what to say.

"You do not doubt my claim to the title of gentleman, my lord, I presume?" he said, hastily.

"I neither doubt nor believe," replied Lord Hereby, with haughty indifference. "In the interest of my niece, I merely ask some particulars of your family."

Again Paul Fulton stopped, hesitating what to say.

"I know of no particulars, my lord, that could possibly interest you," he said; "my father was simply a quiet, country gentleman, of no great fortune or standing. I was his only child, and went abroad in my early youth to seek my fortune; I made it, and there my story ends."

"You have never been married before?" asked Lord Hereby; "at least, I presume so."

"No, never," was the quick, false reply.

"Have you no relations living?" continued Lord Hereby, his quick eye reading the confusion visible on the handsome bland face before him.

"None," said Paul Fulton. "I am quite alone in the world."

"We need not prolong this interview," continued Lord Hereby. "Mr. Beauchamp seldom expresses any opinion,—I give you mine in a few words. I shall make no opposition to my niece's marriage with you; she can please herself, but I shall advise her against it. Pardon my plain speaking, but I do not consider the son of a simple country gentleman, of no great fortune or standing, by any means a desirable match for my niece; still, if she persists in wishing it, I shall make no opposition—she must not in that case look for my countenance. I shall decline any further interest in her affairs."

Paul Fulton trembled with indignation. He had to remember that the nobleman before him was old and feeble, so great was his impulse to strike him. He had expected a very different reception, armed with those magical settlements. This cool, aristocratic hauteur dismayed him. What was his money worth after all? He dared not trust himself to speak; he left Lord Hereby's presence, chafing and foaming with rage. He blamed himself that he had not told a different story. Now, more than ever, was he at a loss. If his engagement should be broken off, and the world know why, he might bid farewell to all his hopes. Again, if he married and Lord Hereby resolutely set his face against him on account of his inferior grade, what might not be discovered? He was wounded, vexed, and annoyed.

As he mounted his horse, there came to him the memory of a sweet, young face with trusting eyes,—the memory of one who had loved him and believed him to be a king amongst men. He had not been scoffed and sneered at when he went wooing in Brynmar woods.

These thoughts did not calm him; he urged his horse on at full speed, using spur and whip. The mettlesome steed did not approve of such harsh measures. Many people turned to see who it was that rode so wildly with angry face. One or two policemen began to be quite active; there was glory to be won, and cheaply too. The rider, whoever he was, must be stopped and punished for endangering the safety of the public.

No one ever knew how it happened, but while the policemen consulted, and angry foot-passengers turned to look after the foaming steed and its rider, in one moment the horse shied, then reared, and Paul Fulton was dashed to the ground. For several yards he was dragged along by the frightened, half maddened animal, then arose from all lookers on a terrible cry, and one or two brave men started off, and after some dangerous efforts succeeded in stopping the horse and rescuing his hapless rider. They thought he was dead when he was raised from the ground, for on the white face there was a deep, crimson stain, and a wide, gaping wound on the head—he had fallen on the curbstone.

In less than three minutes a large crowd had assembled. "A man killed!" "Fallen from his horse" were the passwords. A doctor came up, and a policeman searched the unconscious man to discover who he was and where he lived. He found a card case, and gave it to the doctor.

"He had better be taken to his own house," said the latter, when he saw it. "I have heard of him, and know where he lives."

They carried him back to the house he had left that morning so full of life and hope, so full of ambitious designs and plans for his future life; strange hands carried him up the broad staircase, and laid him upon his bed; strange hands cut the thick black hair where Magdalen's fingers had once lingered so lovingly; strange eyes dwelt upon his face, noting its changes. There was no one near who loved him. He was alone. Hired servants who gave their services half grudgingly for his gold; doctors who tried, for the sake of science, to restore him; nurses who thought only of what they should drink and earn; these were the only attendants on Paul Fulton's death bed. Never a loving hand soothing him; no gentle lips touched his wounded face; no sweet words of comfort were whispered to him; as he had sowed so he reaped. In this, the hour of bitter pain and coming death, there was no pity for him.

The hopes, the sins, the schemes of that wasted life were all ended; the grand fiat had gone forth. He had won money, he was rich and popular; but the end was come, and he must die; a strange doctor bending over him saw there was no hope. He touched him gently, and asked him if he had any worldly affairs to settle.

The haggard eyes opened and glared wildly, so wildly that the doctor started, shocked and half frightened.

"Do you mean," said Paul Fulton, in a low, harsh voice, "that I am to die?"

"Yes," said the doctor, gently; "it is better that you should know the truth. You will not see the sun set. Make your peace with God and man."

A moan of unutterable agony came from the white lips. What should he do? He had lived as though there was no death. He had never thought of a future state, looking upon all religion as an old and idle superstition; and now, in a few hours, he must stand before Him whom he had so persistently ignored and answer for his sins; no wonder that large drops rolled from his face. Like many another worldling before him, Paul Fulton had not been afraid to sin, but he was afraid to die. He did not understand at first how it was; then the confused thoughts cleared; he remembered he was rich, wealthy, honored, and about to marry the fair and fashionable Lady Grahame. But her guardian had taunted him, had shown by the glance of his keen proud eyes that he disbelieved his story. He remembered the mad gallop when he tried in vain to arrest the course of his frightened horse and could not; now it was over. There were strange pains that pierced him, a strange numbness came over him, and once—ah, surely his brain must be turned—once he saw Magdalen's sweet face smiling to him from behind the curtain and pointing to the ring upon her hand.

It was but the vision of an excited bewildered mind, yet it turned his thoughts in quite a different direction. He forgot Lady Grahame—she faded from his mind like a forgotten dream—but he remembered Magdalen, who had tried to make him think of such an hour as this—who had spoken sweet words of the Judge he trembled to meet. If she were but here now—if she could bend over him, with her gentle touch and her loving heart, he should not be frightened. And again he sowed as he had reaped. He had driven his wife from him in proud arrogance of his prosperity, and he would have given all he had in the world if she could have been with him.

He remembered his child—poor Magdalen was dead, he had seen the green grave and the simple stone that bore no name—but his child lived, the child with her mother's face, and her mother's voice. Perhaps she knew the same gentle lessons that his wife had taught—would she come to him?

It mattered little about keeping the secret now.

It flashed across him that he had seen Lord Baynebam in town—how long since?—only yesterday—he would send for him and ask if it were possible that he could see his wife Science did wonderful things—surely it could give him a few hours.

"I want to see Lord Baynebam," he said, touching Dr. Arne's hand; "let him be sent for at once."

It was fortunate that the messenger found Lord Baynebam at home. He received the summons with wonder and surprise. Mr. Fulton dying—and sending for him! Like an electric shock the thought struck him it must be something about his lost wife.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FAST as it was possible to go, Lord Baynebam hastened to the dying man. He heard from the butler, when he stood in the hall, every particular of the accident—he saw real unfeigned tears shining in the man's eyes.

Mr. Fulton was loved by his inferiors for his invariable kindness and good humor. Then he entered the luxurious chamber, where the master of the house lay, doomed and dying.

"Let him come near me," said Paul Fulton to Dr. Arne. "I have much to say to him."

The doctor rose from his seat and made way for Lord Baynebam.

Claud was inexpressibly shocked. So lately he had seen Paul Fulton in the flush and pride of his manhood, his handsome face smiling and careless—could that pale haggard man, with crimson-stained bandages upon his head, be the same who had saluted him so gaily a few hours ago? The wild eyes, full of horror, glared upon him.

"I am dying, they say," gasped the low hoarse voice. "I never feared man, but I am afraid to die."

Lord Baynebam did not know what to say—a woman in his place would have uttered the exact words the dying man wanted to hear—something of mercy and pardon and hope. Lord Baynebam looked awkwardly around the room, and then murmured something about recovery.

"No," said Paul Fulton sorrowfully; "Dr. Arne tells me that I shall not see the sun set. Lord Baynebam, I want to speak to you about your wife."

The young earl started. In the shock of seeing that ghastly figure, he had forgot for a moment that he expected to hear of his lost love.

"What of my wife?" he said, gently; for, even supposing that Paul Fulton had caused all the sorrow and suspense, it was not possible to maintain the faintest gleam of anger against the shattered, dying wreck before him. "What of my wife?" he asked again.

"I should like to see her," whispered Paul Fulton. "I am dying, they say, and this is my last prayer. Let me see your wife once; let my last look be upon her face."

"Do you know where she is?" asked Lord Baynebam.

"No," was the calm reply; "at Baynebam, I suppose. It is not too far, my lord. There will be time if you send at once."

Ah, then he knew nothing of her flight—their half suspicions had been wrong.

"Why do you wish to see my wife?" he asked; "trust me—tell me."

"I will," said Paul Fulton. "I do not know whether you have been told anything of your wife's history. I want to see her,—oh, Lord Baynebam, I want to her, because she is my only child."

"Your child!" cried Lord Baynebam, in unutterable wonder.

"Yes," said Paul, "my child. Her mother was the fairest and sweetest girl in all Scotland, and she was my wife. When I saw your wife, Lord Baynebam, I thought my own had returned to me again, young and lovely as I first knew her. She is my daughter. I was Lord Hutton's dearest friend; her mother was Lady Hutton's foster-sister; Lady Hutton adopted her when my wife joined me over the seas."

There was silence for some minutes, and a thousand thoughts flashed through Lord Baynebam's mind. This explained all that had seemed so mysterious—the notes—ah, and perhaps the interview.

"Why was this kept a secret from me?" he said, sadly. "It has caused bitter sorrow."

"I will tell you, Lord Baynebam," said the dying man. "My daughter longed to make her secret known to you,—it embittered her life. She knew nothing of it until her poor mother went to see her, and died at the Firs Cottage. Her mother, my poor Magdalen, forced her to take an oath that she would never reveal it, and that oath she faithfully kept. It seemed like an especial decree from Heaven that I should go to Baynebam, and find there my wife's grave and my living child. I knew she was my daughter from a ring that I had given her mother, and which she wore, and from her wonderful likeness to my Magdalen. You remember when I first saw her picture, my lord?"

"Yes, I remember," said Lord Baynebam sadly; "why did you not tell me the truth?"

"You will hear," continued the dying man; "I dared not; because my whole life is a living lie. She told me so. My name, Lord Baynebam, is Stephen Hurst,—I dare utter it now, that I am dying. My father was a gentleman—no truer or nobler one ever lived. I was always very wild and wicked. When I had wasted my little fortune I went with Lord Hutton to visit the lady he loved, Miss Erskine of Brynmar, and there I met Magdalen Burns, the fairest girl that I ever saw.

"I married her, and we went to London. Let me tell you what I did Lord Baynebam,—yesterday I would have died sooner than have told it; to day, I care not. I committed a forgery, and was sentenced to transportation.

"Ah, do not turn from me, my lord; I have suffered for my sins. I lived through a martyrdom,—no words can tell what punishment was like. Magdalen came to me like an angel of pity and goodness; I treated her with barbarous cruelty, and drove her from me and broke her heart.

"When the time of my sentence expired I went away to the diggings, and there, like many others, made a large fortune.

"Lord Baynebam, I am dying here alone, and every sin of my life seems to recoil upon my head. I never meant men to know who I was. I have kept my secret, hoping to make for myself a new life from the wreck of the old one. I had wealth and honor—my heart's wish—a marriage with Lady Grahame was soon to be accomplished, and now it is all over. I have wasted my life, and would fain have it to begin again."

"I cannot understand," said Lord Baynebam, gently, "why you wished this to be kept a secret from me."

"I dreaded it being known," he replied. "As Stephen Hurst, I should have been despised and outlawed; as Paul Fulton, men have esteemed me If I had claimed my child, I must have told who I was. She begged of me, with tears, to tell you, but I would not."

"She is sacrificed to your pride," said Lord Baynebam. "Tell me, on the last evening you were at Baynebam did you meet my wife and your daughter in the Lady's Walk? Did you talk to her there?"

"Yes," said Stephen Hurst, "I did so. I asked her to meet me there, and most unwillingly she complied."

"You gave two notes into her hand," continued Lord Baynebam sadly.

"Yes," replied Stephen Hurst; "but how do you know, and why do you mention these things?"

"Because they have helped to destroy my wife," cried the young earl; "she has been sacrificed to your sins and your pride. She was asked to explain these notes, and refused; she was asked why she was in the Lady's Walk,—her bracelet was found there—she would not tell; there was some terrible mistake, and your daughter has left her home. I know not where she has gone; I cannot find her, and begin to despair of ever seeing her again. Oh, if you had but told me the truth!"

"Do not reproach me," said the dying man: "has not my sin found me out? I could have died more easily with my child's face near me. Through my own fault this one hope is lost to me;—I shall never see her again."

He lay there, murmuring to himself that his sin had found him out. From that moment, when he heard that his sin and pride had destroyed his child, he seemed to have no more hope. A blank awful despair seized him; the expression of his face alarmed Lord Baynebam.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked of Dr. Arne; "has he seen anyone? Could not some pray with him?"

"If he wishes it," said the doctor. "Lord Baynebam," he added, "I see many deathbeds, and the most wretched and dreary death is always that of the worldling who has never thought of the time when he must die Candidly speaking, my lord, nothing can be done for his body, and I fear but little for his mind"

* * * * *

We will draw a curtain over the deathbed, they who were present never forgot it. The awful scene ended at last, and the man who had reaped as he had sown went to his judgment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT was not until Stephen Hurst had been dead for some hours that the mystery of that fatal mistake flashed across Lord Baynebam's mind. He remembered how he had gone into his wife's room and told her he knew all, meaning that he knew she had been in the Lady's Walk. She doubtless thought by that expression he knew all the secret of her parentage and her father's sin.

Then Lord Baynebam remembered that careless conversation, when the poor child asked him what he should do, if, after marriage, he discovered he had made a mistake in his wife, and he had replied, jestingly, "Such a one must go home to her friends." How blind and stupid he had been not to remember all this before! She clasped her hands when he told her he knew all, and asked if she was to go.

If he had but remained with her ten minutes longer, all would have been explained; now he began to fear he should never see her again.

Lord Baynebam behaved nobly to his wife's father. He kept his secret. No will was found, and he made no claim upon that large fortune. For the sake of money he would not betray in death a secret the unhappy man had sacrificed so much to keep. As a friend, he attended to his funeral, and went as chief mourner; but never, by one word, did he hint that Paul Fulton was other than he appeared.

For two days the papers made the most of the fatal accident, and all fashionable London was concerned for one day, and forgot it the next Lady Grahame was very sorry and much distressed.

"It seemed such a sad thing," she said to everybody; "he was a handsome man, and so very agreeable."

In a few days Lady Grahame recovered from the effects of the shock, and, strange to say, that very year she met the Duke of Lulcham, who was charmed by her manners and love of comfort, in which he rivalled her.

She is now Duchess of Lulcham; and once, in a confidential mood, was heard to say to Miss Lowe that "after all, she believed there was a special Providence in poor Mr. Fulton's death."

Lord Baynebam redoubled his efforts to discover his wife, but they were all in vain; he could find no trace of her; it seemed as though she had disappeared from the face of the earth The detective said he had never been baffled before, but was baffled now From the time the ticket collector saw her in Euston Square she disappeared. People began to smile at the advertisements, they were so common. But all and everything was in vain; silence, and mystery, dark as night, shrouded the fate of the young Countess of Baynebam.

Lord Baynebam returned home—he was anxious to clear the memory of his beloved wife from even the least cloud of suspicion. Barbara Earle shed warm tears of love and pity when she heard the story. The countess was more touched than she cared to own; both saw clearly how the mistake had arisen. Believing that her husband "knew all" her secret, and could not pardon her, Lady Hilda had left the home where she thought herself no longer loved or esteemed.

They now understood all that had seemed mysterious; the young lady of Baynebam had stood as it were, between two fires,—she could not betray her father, and dared not clear herself from the suspicion that had been aroused.

"It should be a lesson," said Barbara Earle, musingly. "One ought never to judge from appearances,—I never will again."

"What shall you do, Claude?" asked Lady Baynebam, after a short pause.

"I do not know, mother," he replied, sadly. "If I pleased myself, I should give up the search and die. I am worn out with fatigue and sorrow: I see no hope of finding my dear wife again. But, as you have often reminded me, the men of my race never despair; I must live on, and bear my life, I suppose."

Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon the sad, worn face. Was it for this she had sacrificed her love and her happiness? Better for her cousin if this fair haired girl had never crossed his path. He was fearfully altered; these days of suspense had told upon him; there were deep lines of sorrow on the brow, and round the firm lips. There was an air of depression that contrasted painfully with his former gay, kindly manner.

"Do not give up, Claud," said Lady Baynebam, laying her hand lovingly on her son's shoulder; "it is a great trial, but I have a sure hope all will yet be well. We must do our best to find your wife Remember, you do not live for yourself. Your mother, the name and honor of your family, the fame of your race—all depend on you. Do not give up. Hard and bitter sorrows come to us, one and all. The brave fight on, the weak give way Fight on, my son; no Baynebam was ever weak or cowardly"

"I will do my best, mother," he said, wearily. "I think more of myself; she is so young and gentle; she has no one in the world but me."

From Baynebam, as from London, every effort was made to discover Lady Hilda's place of refuge, but all in vain. Weeks became months, but no trace—not even the slightest—was found She never claimed one farthing of the large sum daily accumulating for her. Lord Baynebam had directed that no notice should be taken of her letters—that Brynmar should be kept in readiness for her, and the money carefully saved; but she never wrote for any, and that added more than anything to his troubles. If living, what was her fate, without money or friends? Lord Baynebam tried to bear up bravely, but he soon became exceedingly ill, and in less than six months after Lady Hilda's flight the young earl lay between life and death, fighting a hard battle with the grim king, and his mother kept watch by him, in sorrow too deep for words. The detective had promised that he would not give the case up, but it was evident that from his want of zeal that he had no longer any hope.

The doctors, summoned by the unhappy countess to her son's bedside, said there was one chance for him, and only one; he must have entire change of scene and change of air, and they recommended a stay of some length on the Continent

He was most unwilling to go. To leave England seemed like abandoning his wife; yet to remain was, if wise men spoke truly, certain death. The last time he left home, a beautiful young face, glowing with happiness and love smiled by his side; now he must go on his journey alone his heart cold and dead to hope, love, and happiness.

* * * * *

One fine morning there stood on the pier of Dover a group that attracted some attention—a tall stately lady with the look of one who had once been beautiful and by her side a noble girl, whose face made one the better for seeing it; both were devoted to what seemed to be the wreck of a once handsome man. Passers by stopped again to gaze at that white worn face, with its sad despairing eyes. Lady Baynebam and Barbara would fain have gone with Claud, but he would not hear of it

"Stay behind, mother," he said, with trembling lips, "and do what you can. My first darling may come home; do not let her find it desolate."

They went with him to Dover and watched the boat disappear, with eyes that were wet with tears. In the mother's heart there was but little hope of ever seeing her son again.

"Ah, Barbara," said Lady Baynebam, as in the far distance the steamer sailed out of sight, "I wish my son had married you. This trouble will kill him Brynmar woods have been very fatal to us"

But Barbara could not agree with her ladyship; she saw much to admire and pity in Lady Hilda and she would hear no word that was not uttered either in love or praise.

Bertie Carlyon had been unremitting in his endeavors to assist Lord Baynebam. He had been with him up to the eve of his departure, when a telegram from London obliged him to return there. Lady Baynebam asked him to visit her at Baynebam when his business was ended, and he did so, longing to be once more with Barbara, and to know if he had more reason to hope.

He was warmly welcomed by the two desolate sorrowing ladies. It seemed difficult to believe that this silent house, over which care and trouble hung in such dark clouds, was the brilliant castle of Baynebam, where lately gaiety and beauty had reigned supreme.

* * * * *

Bertie Carlyon and Barbara Earle were standing at the same window from which they had once watched Lord Baynebam and his fair young wife set forth on their bridal tour, when Barbara said musingly, "Who could have foreseen this ending to so fair a love story."

"Does it frighten you?" asked Bertie. "Ah, Barbara, if you could only try to love me—no such fate would ever overtake us"

"Why?" asked Miss Earle.

"Because I should have all faith in you," replied Bertie. "Mind, I am not blaming Claud—the circumstances were strange ones. If—but, ah Barbara, the words are presumptuous—if you were my wife, and I saw that you were keeping any secret from me, I should respect your silence, because I believe in you."

"It seems easy for you to say so now," replied Barbara, with a smile; "it is impossible to tell what course one would pursue under similar circumstances"

"Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon, his handsome face all eagerness and love, "it is long since I first dared to whisper to you of my love You did not reject me; you said brave and noble words to me that have incited me to take a true man's part in the world. Under your banner, Barbara, I have fought well; dare I ask for my reward? Be my wife Barbara. Earth holds no higher reward than your love."

He read her consent in the drooping, blushing face, and the eloquent eyes.

"I am not worthy of such happiness," he said quietly. "You are the noblest woman in the world Barbara; teach me to be worthy of you."

"Do not set me on so high a pedestal, Bertie," said Barbara, "for I may fall from it. I have something more to say; you know I speak very plainly I do love you, but I could not bear to think much of our happiness while so dark a cloud hangs over Baynebam. Help us to drive that away, and then we will speak of this again"

"It shall be as you will, Barbara," he whispered, kissing the white, firm hand that rested so lovingly in his own "I know no will save yours."

So they agreed that the love which was to last through life should not be mentioned while care and sorrow lay heavily upon their dearest friends How could they speak of love and marriage when both had ended so fatally at Baynebam?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lord Campbell fell in love for the first time at 41 and though rejected, wrote to a friend: "I can only say, that I feel dearer to myself for having been capable of this elegant and refined passion."

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 19 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends know the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 19 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $6.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Lawrenham, Pa. March 10, 1881.
Gents.—I received the premium. Just as good as you represented. I think I can raise a good subscription list. J. A. S.

Frostburg, Md., March 10, 1881.
Sir.—Your premium was duly received. I assure you, with many thanks, that the earrings far exceeded my expectations; they are so neat and beautiful. Your paper is also highly appreciated. F. W.

New York, N. Y., March 8, 1881.
Gentlemen:—Ring premium received, and proves entirely satisfactory. C. S. G.

Wheeling, Feb. 19, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post.—The ring come on the 15th inst., and appears to be all you represented it. T. P. T.

Elizabeth N. J., March 4, 1881.
Eds. Saturday Evening Post—I received the paper and premium, and am very much pleased with both. It more than met my expectations. J. F.

Williamson, March 10, 1881.
Dear Sir,—The ring received. Well pleased with it. Will try and secure you some subscribers. L. W.

LeSeur, Minn., Feb. 22 1881.
Editor of the Post.—I received the ring to-day, for which accept my thanks. I am much pleased with it. J. E. E.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 8, 1881.
Dear Sir.—Your beautiful ring is at hand, and I thank you for such a nice present, for all that have seen it could not detect it in the least. It is impossible for anyone to detect it without very close examination. W. E. H.

Juliette, Ind., March 8, 1881.
Sirs.—The ring is just handsome. I wished one like it for some time. O. H. W., P. M.

Trechlers, Pa.
Sirs.—I will state that I received your Diamante Brilliants. Am happy to say that I am greatly pleased with it. It pleased me more than I expected. G. H. K.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 3, 1881.
Dear Post.—I received my ring to-day. It is a perfect beauty. I would not take five dollars for it. It is a better ring than I expected to see. E. H. W.

Pomeroy, Ohio, Feb. 9. 1881
Publishers "Saturday Evening Post:"—Your nice premium came safe to hand, and is, as represented, very beautiful. Mrs. M. S. O.

Campbell, Minn., March 5, 1881
The "Premium Ring" is received, and I am well pleased with it. Will do what I can to extend the circulation of the Post. E. L. B.

Statesville, N. C., March 15, 1881.
I've received the premium from you and it was all you claimed for it. Miss A. M. T.

Witt, Ill., March 5, 1881.
"Saturday Evening Post:"—Received premium, and consider it everything represented. A. B.

Painesville, O., March 5, 1881.
"Saturday Evening Post:"—My premium ring is much nicer than I expected Will speak a good word for you and send subscribers if I can. M. M. H. G.

Peterburg, N. Y., March 8 1881.
Gents:—The Diamante Brilliants came duly to hand, with which I am well pleased. A. B.

Leakville, N. C., March 8. 1881.
Mr. Editor:—Your paper, and your "Diamond ring Premium," are both beyond my expectations. I shall do my best to get you more subscribers. W. B. R.

Jeddo, March 10, 1881.
Editors "Saturday Evening Post:"—I write to inform you that my wife received two sets of earrings as premiums for the Post, and she requests me to say they are beautiful, and fully everything you represented in all particulars. T. D.

Ozark, Ark., Feb 22, 1881.
Editors "Post:"—The Brilliant Premium received by to-day's mail, and I am very much pleased with it. It is all you have represented, and is really much handsomer than I expected. S. S. W.

Red Oak, Ga., March 5, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your new Diamante Brilliant premium received. I think it just what you represent it to be. Everybody that has seen it pronounces it a most beautiful ring. I shall do all I can toward multiplying your subscribers. I dearly love to read your paper. I think it a most excellent literary paper. T. E. B

Yonkers, N. Y., March 7, 1881.
Editors of the Post.—Received premium. Very much pleased. Can't say enough in praise of it. Mrs. M. C. K.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 724 Sansom Street, Philada.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.

VALUABLE discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earth that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire. The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised up on a dark ground. Lithography owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested the application of the pendulum. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aquafortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression. The composition of which printing rollers are made was discovered by a printer. Not being able to find the peltball he inked his type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of a glue pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue to give the mass proper consistency, the old peltball was entirely discarded. The shop of a tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungent aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SOAP.—Fancy soaps are naturally scented with some aromatic oil, combination of perfumes, along with the coloring matters, such as vermilion, yellow ochre, aniline, &c., usually boiled up with the soap, and well amalgamated by being worked in a mortar with a pestle. It is then divided into lumps, and roughly moulded with the hand into something near to the shape it is finally to assume. After being left on the rack to dry for about a week, it is pressed into a mould, which imparts to the cake the form and device which may be required, and when taken out the edges are trimmed and the surface polished with the hand. Transparents soaps are prepared by taking an ordinary hard soap and dissolving in it hot alcohol. The alcohol is then evaporated, and on cooling it hardens into a transparent soap. These soaps are colored, according to fancy, with vegetable colors dissolved in alcohol. Soft soaps are made with either potash or soda and the drying oils, the most familiar of which are those extracted from hempseed, rape and linseed.

HOW PETER CUT OFF HEADS.—Some of the recent executions in Russia, recall a very striking incident of the reign of Peter the Great. The Nihilism of that period was represented by the revolt of the Guard, which Peter quelled, and punished with merciless severity, beheading a man for every turret on the palace wall, which overlooked the place of execution. The headsman being fatigued with the butchery, Peter himself took his place, and struck off twelve heads with his own hand, taking a glass of wine after each. The thirteenth was a handsome young soldier, nick-named Orel (Eagle) who pushing aside his predecessor's headless corpse, cried, with a laugh, "Come, brother; it's my turn for an audience with the Czar, now!" Peter, struck with this reckless gallantry, pardoned and promoted him. His descendants are now among the leading nobility of the country.

A medical man says: "The ideas cannot flow freely when the waist is squeezed." Perhaps not; but on Sunday evenings, when waist squeezing is at its height, the young people don't care a cent whether the ideas flow freely or not. They only have one idea in common at such times, anyhow."

THE GRAVEYARD.

IT is seldom that one hears nowadays of the observance of the quaint funeral customs which formly existed in many a country village. Thus in the north of England it was customary, only a few years ago, to carry "the dead with the sun" to the grave—a practice corresponding with the Highland usage of making "the deasil," or walking three times round a person according to the course of the sun. This is not unlike a Welsh custom that when a corpse was conveyed to the churchyard from any part of the town great care was always taken that it should be carried the whole distance on the right-hand side of the road. From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural parishes to burial "without the sanctuary." This does not mean in unconsecrated ground, but on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the churchyard. The origin of this prejudice is said to have been the notion that the northern part was that which was appropriated to the interment of unbaptized infants, excommunicated persons, or such as had laid violent hands on themselves. Hence it was popularly known as "the wrong side of the church." In many parishes, therefore, this spot remained unoccupied, while the remaining portion of the churchyard was crowded. Great attention has generally been paid, also, to the position of the grave, the popular one being from east to west, while that from north to south has been considered not only dishonorable, but unlucky.

A curious surviving custom at Welsh funerals is termed the "parson's penny." After reading the service in the church, the clergyman stands behind a table while a psalm is being sung. In the meantime each of the mourners places a piece of money on the table for his acceptance. This ceremony is regarded as a token of respect to the deceased. In some parishes, also, a similar custom, called "sarde-money," is kept up. After the corpse has been committed to its resting place, the grave-digger presents his spade as a reception for donations, these offerings, which often amount to a goodly sum, being regarded as his perquisite. In Yorkshire, at the funerals of the rich in former days, it was customary to hand "burnt wine" to the company in a silver flagon, out of which everyone drank. This beverage seems to have been a heated preparation of port wine with sugar and spice, and should any remain, it was sent round in the flagon to the houses of friends for distribution. This, of course, was a species of funeral feast, called in the north of England an "arval"—a lingering survival of the offerings that originally were made to the ghost of the deceased.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.—It is not the smiles of a pretty face—nor the tint of her complexion—nor the beauty and symmetry of her person—nor the costly dress or decorations, that compose woman's loveliness. Nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye with which she darts such lustre on the man she deigns worthy of friendship, that constitutes her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment—her chaste conversation—her affable and open disposition—her sympathy with those in adversity—her comforting and relieving the afflicted and distressed, and above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitutes true loveliness. Beauty unadorned with but those of nature and simplicity, will shine like the refulgent sun and display to man that the beauty of your person is not to be found in tinsel; but in the reflection of a well-spent life that soars above the transient vanities of the world. W. B.

BREVITY.—Learn to be brief. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be brief. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be brief. M. S.

OF WOMEN.—Here are some sayings concerning women from the sacred books of India: "He who despises women despises his mother. Whoso is cursed by a woman is cursed by God. The tears of a woman call down the fire of Heaven on those who make them flow. Evil to him who laughs at her prayers. It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man: cursed be he who forgets. When women are honored, the Divinities are content; but when they are not honored all undertakings fail. The households cursed by women to whom they have not rendered the homage due to them, find themselves weighed down with ruin, and destroyed as if they had been struck by some secret power."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

PROVERBS.—Many of our common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name are in fact borrowed from other countries. "You carry coals to Newcastle," might seem to claim England for its father; but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. "You carry oil to a city of olives," is a Hebrew proverb, that has been in use for three thousand years; and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity.

THE HEAVIER HEAD.—In the cathedral at Granada, in Spain, is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, who encouraged Columbus in his efforts to discover the New World. The forms of the king and queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is noticeable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculptor said that as Isabella had all the brains, her head must necessarily be heavier than Ferdinand's, and make a greater impression.

A DUEL WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.—On one occasion, bows have been bent with most bloodthirsty intent. In 1791, a very ludicrous duel took place at Edinburgh, Scotland, of which, unfortunately, only this meagre account is preserved: "Two gentlemen met on the Meadows, supplied with bows and arrows, to decide a point of honor. They were accompanied by seconds, and had a surgeon in attendance in case their Indian artillery should by any means prove effective. After a harmless exchange of three shots the parties retired, the point of honor being doubtless satisfactorily arranged.

ANCIENT RULES FOR THE BALL ROOM.—The following transcript of ancient fashionable regulations, copied from a framed and printed paper in an English museum, may amuse our readers, and illustrate manners and customs of a century since: "Rules to be observed in the Ladies' Assembly in Derby. No lady shall be admitted to dance in a long white apron. All young ladies in mantuas shall pay 2s. 6d. No miss in a coat shall dance without the permission of the lady of the assembly. Whoever shall transgress any of these rules shall be turned out of the assembly."

SHAKING HANDS.—In the ancient usage of striking hands as a pledge of fidelity in confirming a bargain, is no doubt to be found the origin of shaking hands. "Who is he that will strike hands with me?" asks Job, when complaing of the unmerited contempt and mistrust to which he was subjected. We also learn that in ancient Rome the hand shake was utilized in a manner not unfamiliar to the would-be legislators of modern times; that, in fact, it was one of the condescensions practiced by those who aspired to a seat in the senate, to win the good will and adherence of their constituents.

TOADS.—One often reads in the newspapers and elsewhere of the discovery of live toads in the centre of trees or inside of apparently solid stone. A French naturalist has just published the result of an experiment of that nature. In January, in the year 1875, he caused a cavity to be hollowed in a large stone, put a toad into the cavity, and then sealed up the mouth of the cavity with impermeable cement. On last January—five years, day by day, since he had put the poor creature into durance vile—he broke open the cavity, and found the toad within alive and well, though in a torpid condition. Nor has it since its release taken any nourishment whatever.

FERN PICTURES.—Bleached skeleton ferns may be laid on photograph book-covers, wooden trays, and blotting-books, and varnished. They look specially well on black-painted wood, when, if laid close together, they resemble an inlaying of ivory. A plain table with one drawer makes quite a pretty writing-table by staining it black, and then laying the ferns on a border round the top and around the drawers. The ferns can also be applied to velvet frames, when the whole should be covered with white tulle of the finest and most invisible description. A blue velvet covered board, for placing in a fireplace during summer, may have a centre bouquet of skeleton ferns lightly covered with tulle, and a border of lace quite at the edge.

THE CROWN.—The crown was originally a religious rather than a civil ornament. The first mention we have of such an ornament is to be found in the story of the Amalekites bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B. C. 616. Originally it was only a fillet tied round the head; afterwards it was formed of leaves and flowers, and also of stuffs adorned with jewels. Later emperors varied the style according to fancy. The royal crown was first worn in England by Alfred, in 872; it is said to have had two little bells attached. William the Conqueror wore his crown as a cap, adorned with points. Richard III. introduced the crosses; Henry VII. introduced the arches.

IF WE BUT KNEW.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

They tell us that the world's a garden fair,
Where smiling flowers grow on every side—
That deathless blooms spring in profusion there,
Whose richest odors are to none denied,
If wisdom's touch may guide the plucking hand,
When blown the freshest, or in season due—
Yet why so bleak and barren all the land?
If we but knew, ah! if we but knew.

So many words are said, so much is done—
'Twould oft seem Heaven's gift could we forget;
So high and long the day of youth's bright sun,
We wander on as though 'twould never set,
Till vainly now, here in the falling shade,
We seek the sweets that by us erewhile grew,
And scarcely find save those that lived to fade—
Ah! if we but knew, if we but knew!

Saved.

BY AMY RINGGOLD.

NEVER was a gayer party assembled than the one at the "Cliff Hotel," and nobody so gay among them as pretty, coquettish, golden haired Rose Kennedy.

Just now, pretty Rose stood on the steps of the hotel, gazing down into the upturned face of Larry Lovell, who, with his gun under his arm, stood just below her with her hand in his. He too had been smitten by her charms.

Laura Harriman, Rose's cousin, watched him from a seat not far away, and, knowing what was in store for him, trembled and grew sick at heart, for she herself, as she well knew, deeply loved him.

Affairs were worse with Larry and Rose than Laura dreamed of. For, while Laura, an hour later, was dressing for the evening in her room, Rose came dancing in, with a face so full of glee, that Laura guessed at once that a new victim had been sacrificed to her insatiable vanity.

"Well, I should like to know what have you been up to now?" she asked, with a foreboding heart.

"Nothing, of course! I never am!" laughed Rose. "It's the men who are all fools!"

"Who's the fool this time?" asked Laura, bending over her jewel case to hide her face.

"Oh, Larry Lovell this time. But he isn't," she said, "like the rest. I declare he frightened me!" with a little, constrained laugh, for Rose was a coward at heart.

"He must have said or done something very unusual if he frightened you. You refused him, I suppose!"

"N—no, not exactly. Truth is, I didn't dare to, Laura. Of course, I don't intend to marry him, poor as he is. If he was rich, I might now. I put him off. But I had to promise if I would accept him to wear a rose in my hair to night for an answer."

"Are you going to wear it?"

"Not I. Catch me committing myself. I'm going to wear my diamond aigrette. And Laura, he said if I refused him he'd go to the cliff and jump off and drown himself this very night."

"Such men as he do such things, sometimes."

"Oh, he won't. But I'm half afraid to see him. Laura, help me out of this, won't you, that's a dear?"

"What can I do?"

"Oh, talk to Larry. Tell him I'm a little fool, and a spitfire, and all that, and he wouldn't be happy with me at all. Anything, so he don't do something dreadful."

"Rose Kennedy," said Laura, sternly, "I told you I would never help you out of another love affair, but I will save Larry Lovell if I can, for he is too noble to be sacrificed for a girl like you."

"Scold me if you want to," laughed Rose, throwing off thus easily the care which was now resting so very heavily on Laura's heart.

"I don't intend to scold. Your punishment will come some day. I'll do what I can this once more, Rose, but it isn't for your sake. Now go or we will not get dressed."

Rose went gaily to her own chamber, and poor Laura, her heart heavy and troubled, finished her toilette.

In a little while she went down, and saw Larry Lovell anxiously watching for Rose's appearance.

Presently she saw Rose sweeping along the hall, the centre of a gay group, lustrous white robes shimmering round her, the diamond flashing in her hair, laughing and chatting as merrily as if she were not flinging death and despair at a human soul from her careless fingers.

Laura felt the blood rush to her own heart, and her breath falter with nameless terror as she watched for Larry Lovell to see Rose.

He heard her voice close to the door—his face lit and kindled—and Laura almost ceased to breath as Rose passed in close to his side.

A mist swam before her eyes—she saw nothing for an instant—then her vision cleared and she observed Larry again.

His eyes were still fixed hungrily on Rose; but how changed a face!

Larry kept his position for a short time, and then Laura saw him move towards the door.

Quick as thought, Laura, unobserved by anyone, passed through the long window, and caught up her shawl from the settee.

In a moment more, Larry Lovell went swiftly by her, and down the steps, and Laura followed.

Straight to the cliff he went. He stood a little while. Then he straightened his tall form, looked up to Heaven with an agonized face which Laura never forgot, took off his hat and coat, flung them upon the sand, and gathered his strength for a mighty leap.

Not swifter flies the bird upon the wing than flew Laura to his side, her hand upon his arm, her voice clear and steady, speaking for the first time in her life, his Christian name.

"Larry! what are you doing?"

Swiftly he turned, and caught her hands, crying wildly:

"My love! my love! you do care—" And seeing who it was, his voice faltered, his grasp fell.

"Pardon me! I thought it was——"

"You thought I was my cousin Rose, for whose sake you are here!" said Laura, firmly. "You see, Mr. Lovell, I know all, and I have come to save you. You shall not throw away a noble life!"

"What is it to you?" he cried, suddenly turning on her. "Why should you care whether I live a wretched life or die an easy death and end it all? It's no concern of yours, Miss Harriman."

"It is concern of mine," said Laura, firmly, though her tones were unsteady. "I see in you the possibility of a noble life, not a wretched one, and I will not see you throw it ruthlessly away. Live, Mr. Lovell, and forget Rose Kennedy. Come, go back to the hotel with me."

"No, I'll not go back with you! I'll go—I don't care where! To perdition, I reckon. Pardon me, Miss Harriman," as Laura drew back in horror at his rough words. "I'm a brute, I know, but I'm a desperate man, Miss Laura."

"I know you are," said Laura, gently, her soft words falling like healing dew upon his bruised spirit. "I know you are, and I pity you from my very heart, and wish to save you."

"Thank you for your kindness; but I am not worthy saving, and I have nothing to live for. No, and I will not live. If there were one human being who loved me truly, I would try to live and be worth loving. But there is not. I have no one to live for, no one to care for my fate."

Laura was moved by a strong impulse.

She had not come to tell Larry Lovell what was in her heart, but if it would save him, why not?

She struggled with herself one moment, and then said, very gently:

"Live, then, Mr. Lovell, for I love you truly."

Larry Lovell bent and gave her a keen look.

"You say so, because your kind heart pities me."

Laura was trembling now from head to foot, but she held out bravely.

Then he spoke more calmly than he had yet done.

"Do you really mean this?"

"I do," answered Laura. "You said you would live if one human being cared for you. I claim your promise."

Larry bent down and looked into her face.

"You shall have it. God bless you! You are the noblest, bravest, truest girl on earth. If all were like you no man would ever stand where I have stood to night. Your hand has saved me, Laura. I do not deserve your love, but if you will take the life I owe to you, it shall be yours."

A moment they stood silent; then Larry spoke again.

"Laura, I am going away from here this night, and I shall not come back until I have forgotten Rose Kennedy, and am worthy to ask for and return the love you so generously give me. Will you wait for me, Laura?"

"I will," answered Laura, softly.

"Then God bless you! Shall we go back to the hotel?"

Laura took the arm offered, and they returned to the hotel. As they entered the hall, Larry said:

"Will you go to the ballroom, or to your own room?"

"To my room, please," answered Laura.

At her own door he took her hand.

"I shall be gone before you are up. I may be gone years, but if I live, I shall return to you some day, Laura, a better man. May I kiss your pure lips once before I go?"

Laura mutely raised her face. He bent, touched her lips lightly, uttered one more "God bless you!" and was gone.

* * * * *

Three years more only added a womanly grace and sweet dignity to Laura's manner, and made her more beautiful.

Many wondered why she did not marry, but no one knew that she was waiting for Larry Lovell.

Rose was still unmarried, and her beauty was waning, but she flirted as heartlessly as ever.

One day as Laura sat alone a visitor was announced, and she went down to meet Larry Lovell.

Nobler, handsomer, manlier than ever, he held out both hands, saying with his noble soul in his voice and eyes:

"My own precious Laura, I have come."

"Larry, I have waited," was all Laura's answer, as she sought the shelter of the life and love she had saved.

Losing an Estate.

BY HENRY SMITH.

A YOUNG city gent, whom his familiar friends call Jemmy Smart, and whose ease of manner behind the counter, and whose skill in deciding troublesome customers to make their choice, have long been the admiration of the feminine world, lately received a letter from an attorney, informing him that something to his advantage had occurred, and enclosing a ten dollar note as a foretaste.

It is stated that his maternal relative, Robert Brown, whom he had never seen, but whom he had heard spoken of in the family as Uncle Bob, an old bachelor, much addicted to the grazing of cattle and the fatting of pigs, was lately deceased, and that the will divided the old gentleman's landed and personal property between himself and another nephew. Mr. James Smart was further counselled to ask his employer to grant him a *temperory* (so underlined) leave of absence, and to proceed forthwith by rail to York, previously announcing the hour of his proposed arrival to one Josiah Nixon, his late uncle's bailiff, now holding possession at The Thickets, till the rightful heir should come to claim his own. Josiah would meet him at the station with the gig.

Jemmy lost no time in obtaining the required permission, and in packing up his Sunday finery—his shirt fronts of finest calico, his unimpeachable false collars, his jewel box resplendent with mosaic gold and brilliant paste of purest ray serene. He was off, with the pole star for his guide.

At the York station, he looked out in vain for Josiah Nixon, whom he pictured to himself as a tall flunkey, with cane in hand, powdered head, and long great coat with livery buttons. Nothing of the sort was there. He waited about impatiently for a quarter of an hour, till every one was gone, when he began to suspect himself the victim of a hoax; but after a few minutes' further suspense, there entered an aged and dusty countryman, disguised, as it were, in a linen smock frock, such as north country graziers wear, and looking as if he also were in quest of somebody or something.

"Pray, sir, may I ask whether your name is Mr. James Smart?" he respectfully inquired of our hero, with a certain formal politeness.

"Yes, sir, it is; and I suppose I may ask you whether your name isn't Mr. Josiah Nixon?" retorted Jemmy sharply.

The old man bowed assent.

"Then, sir, I must tell you," continued James, "that it is a very bad beginning of our acquaintance that you presume to keep me waiting in this way. I have been kicking my heels here nearly half an hour."

The veteran bailiff looked vexed and puzzled, and an expression of deep disappointment came over his weather beaten countenance.

"I am very sorry, sir, that it has so happened; but it is a long drive from The Thickets to York. The weather is very sultry and close to-day, and poor old Neddy has had a hard job of it. As soon as he has finished his corn, we are at your service, sir."

"Very well, sir; say no more about it. I only just wish to give you a hint, that if you intend to remain in my service, you must be more punctual for the future."

During their drive to The Thickets, old Nixon was taciturn—sulky, perhaps—leaving Mr. Smart to indulge in monologues by the way.

"What horrid dusty roads! I wonder they don't water them. But that can hardly be expected in an out-of-the way place like this. And this is Neddy? I'm not surprised now at your being behindhand, with a great, fat, ugly, lazy beast like that."

"But, sir," interposed Josiah, with some little warmth, "he was a great favorite with my poor dear master, who drove him for more than a dozen years. He said he hoped you would never part with Neddy."

"No; not part with him," replied James, with a cunning grin, "if that's a condition in the will, but I can lend him, you know, to a friend of mine who drives a cab, and that will put a little life into him, if whipcord will do it."

Nixon winced as if a whipcord had struck his own shoulders.

"There's The Thickets, sir, at last; and I hope you'll like it."

"That old, dismal, tumble-down looking place! Why, it's smothered up with trees; you can't look out of the windows for evergreens; and I'd bet a dollar there's an owl in every chimney. But I'll soon alter that. I'll cut down three fourths of those nasty trees."

"But, sir, master planted everyone of those trees himself. He would have been sadly grieved had he known that was what they were to come to."

"Well, what business is that of yours? He's dead and gone; and it's my turn now. But tell them to let me have some dinner as soon as possible; I'm dying with hunger, and all because Neddy crawls at the rate of five miles an hour."

Mr. Smart was received by his uncle's housekeeper, an old fashioned dame, in deep mourning with snow white hair, and an antiquity of a cap.

Nixon explained the urgency of the young gentleman's appetite. He was accordingly shown into a spacious wainscoted dining-room, where a circular table was neatly laid for three.

In a few minutes Josiah entered, immediately followed by a ruddy servant girl, bearing a substantial joint and smoking vegetables.

"All is ready, sir," said Nixon. "We had better not let the gravy get cold."

And he and the housekeeper took their places before two of the vacant knives and forks, remaining standing till the heir should seat himself.

"Are you going to dine here without being asked?" inquired James. "It's an extraordinary liberty for servants to take."

"We always dined with master in the parlor," said the housekeeper, demurely, but bridling up, "except on the days when he gave his grand dinner to the county gentry. We thought you would like to have things go on exactly as they did in the old gentleman's time. However, sir, if we are intruding, we'll retire."

"No, no," said James, condescendingly. "Never mind for this once. You may stop to day. Besides, you may be able to give a little information about the place, and what it is worth. Yes; you can carve, Nixon. What a clumsy fellow! Not so thick as that, and not quite so much fat. I wonder whether the governor had any decent wine."

"This is a bottle of his very best, which I brought up from the cellar on purpose to—to welcome you with." And Nixon made a grimace which speedily passed away, and shot a rapid glance at the housekeeper opposite.

"Hem, ha!" said James, superciliously tasting it; "rather thin, I think. I could get better than this in town at half a crown a bottle."

"Would you like to look at the stock, after dinner?" asked Josiah, evidently uncomfortable.

"What stock?" retorted Mr. Smart. "I never knew that Uncle Bob kept a fancy warehouse."

"Our cows, sir, and our pigs."

"Nasty creatures!" was James's reply. "If I sell the place, the live creatures can go with it."

"Sell the place!" cried the bailiff, turning red as scarlet. "Your poor uncle, sir, thought that you might like to marry, and settle comfortably here. And what is to become of us, sir, if we are to be turned out of house and home, where we have both lived more than forty years, sir?"

"O, that is your lookout," said James. "I had no idea of finding such a dull hole as this. And as to marrying, I am not going to throw myself away just yet. If I swap his musty old farm house for a neat bachelor's villa in the city that will be a little like life, old boy."

Uncle Bob's wine was stronger than Mr. Smart expected.

"Hang it," he continued, "if I don't go to York to-morrow morning, and ask the attorney if he can't manage it for me at once."

"Suppose you go this evening," blandly insinuated Josiah. "I think Neddy can do it, now he has had his corn, with a little extra whip;" and the old gentleman cunningly arched his eyebrows.

"By jingo, so we will!" cried James, greedily catching at the idea. "It will be capital fun to take down a little of that brute's proud flesh. Let us then be off at once."

So said, so done. Foolish Neddy neighed at starting, as if he were bound for a party of pleasure.

"Hollow! what are you about?" said Mr. Smart. "Where are you driving to? I'm going to the attorney, man, and not the railway station."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Josiah; "but you are going to the railway station, and back to London as quick as possible. I'm Yorkshire, you know. You'll excuse my having played you a little trick. I'm Uncle Bob, and not Josiah Nixon; and as I'm not yet quite dead, I intend making a trifling little alteration in my will, which will relieve you of the disposing of The Thickets."

And thus Jemmy Smart lost an estate.

Ball this evening, dear? inquired Desdemona of Othello, when she saw him loading up his old navy revolver. "No, not this evening, s'mother evening," he replied, as he reached for the pillow and wedged it softly down her æsophagus.

VIOLET'S GRAVE.

BY L. BLACKWOOD.

The woodland! And a golden wedge
Of sunshine slipping through;
And there, beside a bit of hedge,
A violet so blue!

So tender was its beauty, and
So dence and sweet its air,
I stooped, and yet withheld my hand—
Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which were best?—for spring will pass
And vernal beauty fly—
On maiden's breast, or in the grass,
Where would you choose to die?

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED)

ROMANTIC!'

"Ah there, with all your cleverness, you are mistaken," exclaimed Lucy. "I do not believe there is a tincture of romance in my disposition. You have no idea how happy we were in the East; no visiting, no ceremony, no balls! Civilization, no doubt, is a very excellent thing, and has worked much good for poor human nature, but, believe me, it has its penalties. And now,' she continued, 'let us change the subject. We are in the quietest part of the wood. Suppose we alight and indulge in what I have long desired—a rural walk."

'Without gentleman to escort us?" observed Miss Charlton. "Consider, my love; it is against all——"

'Don't use that horrid word etiquette," interrupted the countess. "I am so sick of it. Have you an old married woman to chaperon you?"

Her companion smiled.

"It will so improve our complexions," added the speaker laughingly.

'The last consideration was not without its influence, and her companion at once assented.

As the speakers disappeared in one of the winding paths, the two French footmen jumped off the rumble and commenced lighting their cigars.

"A rendezvous," observed one.

His fellow servant shook his head.

"What then?"

"A promenade."

"Possibly," said the first. 'Miladi is so eccentric."

"English."

A word that with the Parisians explains whatever appears singular or contrary to their usual custom; not that Frenchwomen do not walk, but those of the higher class never do so unattended.

Whilst the two men were making comments, an elderly gentleman, who had seen the countess and Miss Charlton alight, advanced towards them, and inquired the names of the ladies.

"Miladi Rislip"

"The elder one?"

'No; the lady in the seal."

"And is this her carriage?"

The answer of course was in the affirmative.

The stranger looked very much surprised, examined the coronet and arms upon the pannels, and thanking them for their information walked away.

The footmen thought it odd, but continued puffing their cigars.

In about half an hour the elderly gentleman returned, and asked them at what hour her ladyship, was generally to be found at home.

His French not being good, the men affected to misunderstand him till he placed several franc pieces in their hands; then they found it intelligible enough.

'From one to four," replied the eldest of the two. "Of course my lady never leaves her hotel before that hour."

'And his lordship?'

"Oh, he is very uncertain."

As the servant said this he saw Lucy and her companion returning from their walk; the cigars were instantly thrown away, and they took up their position at the door of the carriage.

The stranger disappeared behind the nearest bosquet.

"Home," said their mistress, seating themselves.

As the equipage disappeared the gentleman emerged from his hiding place.

"Singular," he muttered. "I cannot be mistaken, though time has changed her. Lady Rislip bears her honors well.

Having made this reflection he walked musingly away.

During their drive home Lucy proposed setting her companion down at her hotel, and, but for one circumstance, the offer would have been accepted; but the quick eye of Eleanor Charlton had seen the rapid disappearance of the stranger behind the bosquet, and suspected he had been questioning the servants. There might be nothing beyond merely curiosity on his part, especially as he did not seem young; still it was a point not to be lost sight of.

"You shall do nothing of the kind, my love," she replied. "we will drive to your hotel first. I know how impatient you always are to return to the dear little tyrant who engrosses so much of your time."

"You are very considerate," said her ladyship, pleased at the thoughtfulness of the speaker for her infant. "And if you really do not mind, the carriage shall take you home afterwards."

'Of course I do not."

On her way to her hotel Miss Charlton stopped at one or two shops, and made several unimportant purchases, things that she did not require; but she had a motive for having them. They enabled her to ask one of the footmen to carry them into the hotel for her.

"Thank you, Andre," she said, as the man placed them carefully upon the console in her drawing-room.

The lacquey bowed.

"By the bye, who was the gentleman I saw you speaking with in the Bois de Boulogne?'

"An Englishman, mademoiselle."

"Young or old?"

'Old, mademoiselle."

'A friend of your master, I presume?"

Andre had never seen him before.

'Singular he should have given you money, was it not?'

The footman shrugged his shoulders—a Frenchman's usual manner when he does not exactly know the nature of the reply expected from him.

"I must not be less liberal than a stranger,' added the lady, "especially after the trouble I have given you in bringing up the things from the carriage."

"A pleasure, mademoiselle."

The artful woman placed a two-franc piece in his hand.

Andre knew at once what she required, and related the conversation between himself and the strange gentleman.

'Did he say that he knew your lady?"

"No, mademoiselle, but examined the arms upon the carriage, and inquired at what hour the countess was generally at home."

'You are sure he was old?"

"Quite sure," answered the footman, with a smile, "and that struck me as being all the more singular."

'Some acquaintance, no doubt?"

"Possibly."

Miss Charlton did not think so. She knew from the seclusion in which the countess had been reared, that she had very few friends in England. Possibly it might be some one she had met in her travels in the East, but if so, why did he not advance to afford her an opportunity of recognising him. There was something to say the least of it, odd in the affair, and she determined to invent some excuse for passing the following day with her ladyship.

Lucy herself gave her one. During the evening a note came, thanking her for having seen her home first, as she found her step-son Ferdinand slightly indisposed on her return.

"I do not apprehend that it is anything serious," added the anxious step mother, "but I shall not leave the house again till he is quite recovered."

"The very thing," said Miss Charlton. "If the strange calls I shall be present at the interview."

Although dressed for a party, the speaker sat down to her desk and wrote a most affectionate reply, expressing her deep anxiety for the boy. She knew his lordship would see it.

'In the morning, my sweet friend, I will be with you," she added; "and if any serious illness threaten the dear child, we will nurse him together. Kindest love to Ferdinand."

"I don't want her love," said the little viscount, when her ladyship read the last part of the note to him; "send it back again."

"Fie!" said his father, "to a lady!"

"Why does she interfere with me?"

"You must not be ungrateful."

"I am not to you," replied the boy, "but I don't like Miss Charlton, and never shall, although she is always buying me toys. She knows that I break them," he added.

Lucy motioned the earl to be silent. In the excitable temper the invalid was in, contradiction appeared worse than useless.

'You spoil him," remarked his lordship.

"No, she does not, papa," replied his son, overbearing the observation. "You know I always do everything mamma wishes me."

"Except to like Miss Charlton."

"I have tried to do that," answered the little viscount, "but I can't, I can't."

CHAPTER XXX

NO sooner did Miss Gurtha Bouchier and her companions arrive in England than a consultation with the most eminent legal authorities was held as to the best means of proceeding. It was decided that the petition respecting the peerage should be at once presented, but no further steps taken until the Crown had referred it, as is usual in such cases, to the House of Lords.

'I cannot understand the motive for this limited action," observed the lady. "It may be years before a decision is pronounced."

'Not unlikely," said Mr. Quarl.

"And must poor Clara during that period be left to the tender mercies of her wretched husband and unprincipled sister-in-law?"

"That, my dear madam," answered the lawyer, "is by no means necessary. The question of the lunacy once fairly before the House, an application could be made to the Chancellor to issue a commission to investigate the state of the lady's mind; but it would never do, before her petition has been laid upon the table, to raise the question of her madness."

Even to Miss Bouchier and Dr. Bray these reasons appeared too cogent to be disputed. This conversation, however, so far from lessening their anxiety on Mrs. Berrington's account, tended rather to increase it. They saw that a considerable time must elapse before any affective interference could be made on her behalf.

'Sad, sad—very sad!" murmured the aged spinster.

'But not hopeless," observed Dr. Bray.

The lady shook her head despondingly.

"Clara shall not be left so friendless as you suppose," said Mr. Quarl, after some little reflection. "I will send a true and intelligent agent to Schwineberg to watch over her. For the rest," he added, "we must trust to Providence. I promise you not to be idle."

To say that the speaker entertained any definite idea of the crime Mr. Berrington had committed would be to suppose him endowed with more than natural penetration. There was a vague suspicion merely on his mind that somehow connected him with the death of Sir Ernest Alston; and that the detective had the clue to it.

Why else, he asked himself, should the proud exclusive diplomat have had him in an assumed character at Wraycourt; have taken him with him to Germany; and used the extraordinary measure he had done to prevent him from keeping his appointment?

"It must all out in time," he murmured. "There are too many clues to the secret for one of them not to become unravelled. Patience! patience!"

Mr. Quarl had patience. Few men possessed more of that rare but estimable quality so necessary to secure success. Instead of rushing headlong into the affair, offering rewards, as many a less experienced person would have done, he decided upon advancing cautiously step by step.

The first move was to send for Jack, whom our readers may recollect as the go between the office of Mr. Lynx, and the less respectable portion of his *clientele*.

The fellow thought it a great honor to be consulted by so eminent a person as Mr. Quarl, who rarely if ever meddled in criminal cases, and appeared slightly confused when the first admitted to that gentleman's private office.

"You may take a seat," said the lawyer encouragingly.

Jack obeyed, limiting the indulgence to the edge only of the chair. Evidently he labored under the impression that it would have been a liberty to occupy more.

"You are the person generally known by the name of Jack?"

"And no other."

"But you must have a second name," observed Mr. Quarl.

'So long since I made any use on it, I have forgotten it, especially in business."

The man of law smiled at his caution.

"Well, well; Jack will answer my purpose."

"It has answered a good many purposes."

'Are you acquainted with Mr. Lynx?"

"Known him off and on these fifteen years," replied the man.

"And he has employed you?"

"Occasionally."

There was a certain degree of uneasiness in the tone of the reply, and the questioner at once perceived it would be impossible to obtain the assistance he sought unless something like confidence could be established between them.

"You need not fear me," he said, "My intentions are not hostile towards you."

"Of course not," replied Jack; and a cunning twinkle of the eye accompanied the words. "If they were," he added, "it would not signify. I never do anything myself."

"Safe and prudent," muttered Mr. Quarl.

"Yes; I always keep on the right side of the law," said Jack.

"Look you," said the gentleman, convinced that frankness was the safest course to pursue. "I will be candid with you. I require your services."

"Very happy to hear it."

"For which I am willing to pay liberally."

'Still more pleased," replied the man.

"But I must have them devotedly and entirely. At the first sign of hesitation or falsehood all confidence will cease between us. As this is our first interview, it is only right you should have a proof more tangible than words that I mean what I say."

The lawyer counted down ten sovereigns, which his visitor took up one by one, and dropped into his pocket with an air of intense satisfaction.

"Well, you are a gentleman, and no mistake," he exclaimed. "That's what I call doing the thing liberally."

"A mere earnest of what you shall receive, provided you serve me faithfully. Mind, I have means which you little dream of, of testing your truth. Where is Paul Lynx?" added the speaker.

"That is more than I can tell you, sir. Tilly, his wife I mean, is in a sad way about him. He told her three weeks ago—yes, it must be about that time—that he was going into the country with a party upon business. From that day she has heard no more of him."

"So far so good. How did you learn this?"

"Mrs Lynx told me so herself."

"Did she name the party who employed her husband?"

"Couldn't get it out on her," said Jack in a tone of vexation, "and I tried hard, for somehow I thought it might be useful. She knows, I am certain; but is so close—no pumping her. Still, I have my own private opinion."

"Let me hear it."

"Something about the kid she has had the care of."

"Do you mean a child?" demanded Mr. Quarl, greatly excited.

Jack regarded him with an air of such undisguised astonishment at his doubt as to the meaning of the word "kid" that, under less serious circumstances, the lawyer would have smiled.

"Of course I does."

"Have you seen the child?"

"Often."

"A boy?"

"As fine a one as ever you clapped your eyes on," said the man; "and ain't she proud on him! The neighbors all call him the little prince, Mrs Lynx makes so much on him. She has taken a great fancy to babies lately. Poor Poll Harris, who met with a misfortune lately—came to grief all through her husband; he was so very venturesome—let her have her kid afore she crossed the water."

"Mrs Lynx has two children then?"

"Yes; but only the first lives with her."

"Can you give me her address?"

'Her what, sir?"

'Tell me where she lives."

'Why didn't you say so," replied Jack. "Of course I can."

"I am satisfied with you," said the lawyer, after scanning the address. "Now attend to my instructions. Not a word of our interview to any of your companions."

"I'm awake."

'In a few days I will send for you again—but perhaps it will be better for you to call here every day till further orders. Should you have anything important to communicate, and I should be absent, ask for my nephew. You may speak freely with him."

Jack withdrew, thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that he had opened a new and valuable connection, and more likely to prove profitable than the occasional patronage of Paul Lynx, who, like most of his class when money was to be made, secured the lion's share.

Mr. Quarl considered, and our readers, we doubt not, will be of the same opinion, that he had made a most important step in unravelling the mystery, and hastened to Mivart's Hotel to request Miss Gurtha Bouchier to delay her departure for her seat near Wraycourt for a few days.

"For weeks—months, if necessary," replied the lady as soon as she heard his request. "You have been successful; I feel sure you have."

"Partially."

"Only partially!"

"My dear madam, you must be impatient, but have confidence in the opening cry of the old hound. Recollect it is not one of the youngsters of the pack that has given tongue."

Both Dr. Bray and Miss Gurtha laughed at the simile, which, although not very complimentary to himself, expressed the speaker's meaning more completely, perhaps, than a labored explanation could have done.

"Dr. Bray," he added, "can you inform me if the woman who acted as nurse to Mrs. Berrington's child still resides at Wraycourt?'

'She was there when I quitted the place."

"Could you write for her to come to London?"

"Nothing more easy to induce her. Poor Susan May has lost her own infant, and a double portion of maternal love appears to have centred in her foster son. We never meet," he added, "but the inquiries after him, where he is, and why his father took him from her charge."

"In due time the woman arrived, and appeared half wild with joy when it was merely hinted to her that was a possibility of beholding little Alwyn again.

It would be anticipating events, lessening the interest of our readers in our tale at this portion of it to say whether she ever did or did not. That must be kept in reserve.

Tom Briarly's disappointment at the marriage of Lucy had in no degree lessened the strong tie of friendship between himself and her brother, but increased it rather than otherwise; for Frank, assisted by his clear-sighted little wife, had discovered the secret of his friend, and without entering into an explanation, which must have wounded feelings too tender even for tenderness itself to touch, manifested that deep true sympathy which is more grateful from its silence.

They perfectly understood each other.

Tom had long since been admitted, and by far the greater portion of his uncle's business passed through his hands. He felt a grateful pride in relieving the old man of his fatigues; but there was one case Mr. Quarl insisted on retaining in his own hands. Not from doubt of his nephew's zeal or capability, but the strong interest he felt in the result. We need scarcely inform our readers it was the one in which Mrs. Berrington and her child were concerned.

One morning, shortly after the departure of Miss Bouchier and the doctor for Wraycourt, the lawyer proposed that himself and Tom should drive over to Richmond, and spend a day with Frank. It was not often that his relative gave himself a holiday.

"What are you thinking of?" demanded Mr. Quarl when he had fairly reached the open road. "I can understand your silence whilst driving through the streets of London. Can't be too careful. Do you suspect your friend will be more surprised than pleased by our visit?"

"I should be sorry to wrong him by such a thought," answered Tom laughingly. "I was thinking of his wife. It will put her housekeeping to severe test."

"Never mind so it does not try her temper."

"No fear of that, uncle; it is gold—true gold. You cannot imagine how grateful she is for the kindness you have shown her husband."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the lawyer; "he has earned every shilling I have paid him."

Tom Briarly shook his head."

"You think he is grateful then?"

"I have no thought upon the subject—I am sure of it."

"And yet it is the rarest of all virtues."

"Not with him. But why this doubt?"

"I have no doubt," replied the lawyer thoughtfully; "if I had, I should not be on my way to request a service from him."

"A service! You will make him very happy."

"And a sacrifice."

"That will afford even greater pleasure," observed Tom. "But, uncle, if it is either a painful or a dangerous one, why employ Frank Beacham? He is married, has near and dear claims upon him. Now, I am an idler, quite alone in the world, with no ties to distract me."

"No, boy; don't urge it; I cannot spare you."

Tom Briarly looked uneasy.

"In the first place," continued the lawyer, "there is not the slightest danger in the service I am about to ask from him."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated his nephew, greatly relieved.

"And the sacrifice extends no further than a somewhat lengthened absence from England. As for his pecuniary interests, they will be considerably advanced by his acceptance of my offer."

On their arrival at the cottage at Richmond the mystery was explained by Mr. Quarl proposing that Frank and his wife, under an assumed name, should take up their residence at Schwineberg to watch over the safety of Mrs. Berrington. His mind would be at rest, he thought, with such an agent upon the spot.

This request was at once complied with both by husband and wife, who felt only too happy at the opportunity of showing their gratitude.

The explanation of the lawyer's motive deeply interested them. Frank Beacham felt quite chivalrous in the poor persecuted Clara's cause, and Lizzy, as she pressed her own smiling infant to her breast, wondered how anyone could be found so cruel as to separate a mother from her child. Her only regret, if she had one, was at leaving the cottage where she had been so happy.

"It is a pretty place," said Mr. Quarl, who had read her thought as her eyes wandered round the room, resting upon each well known object, then glanced to the little garden, seen through the window, filled with fragrant flowers.

"True, sir," she replied, "but duties are more grateful than recollections."

The old man felt pleased with her answer, and Frank thought she had never spoken more wisely nor looked so beautiful."

"Leave everything as it is," said the lawyer. "Tom and I will take care of it during your absence; and when you return it shall be your own property," he added, "provided your landlord can be persuaded to sell it."

"My dear sir," exclaimed his grateful *protege*, "It needed not such a promise to insure my very best observance of your orders and instructions."

"I am fully convinced of that or I should not have made it."

Within a few days the preparations for departure were complete. Neither Frank nor his wife had many friends to take leave of; all connection with the notorious Dr. Slop had long been severed to the intense mortification of that most philanthropic gentleman, who lost a talented secretary, and the credit such a *protege* brought him, for the miserable pittance of six-and-twenty pounds a year.

Not a very extravagant sum for a character for benevolence.

Tom Briarly accompanied them as far as Dover, where he bade them adieu. Once on board the packet for Ostend, Frank and Lizzy became transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, by which name we shall henceforth chronicle their proceedings.

Belgium, although now one of the best provided countries in the world with railroads, possessed only two modes of traveling in these days we are writing of. That is to say, for ordinary travelers. Of course there were carriages and post-horses for the wealthy; and the poor then, as now, had the privilege of tramping along the level roads.

The modes of which we speak were diligence and canal boat. Those who in the good old time have journeyed by the latter from Bruges to Ghent must recollect even at this distant period of time the excellent accommodation on board, the *recherche* dinner at three francs a head, the enlivening band, and, above all, the superior tone of the passengers, who in summer time traveled by them for the mere pleasure of the excursion. We have frequently done so ourself, and could almost sketch from memory the level banks dotted with the country houses of the wealthy burghers, the well cultivated farms, trim gardens, and summer-houses, in which their owners loved to repose.

Not even in Italy, where the expression first took its rise, has the *dolce far niente* been better understood.

The City of Ghent was gliding steadily through the sluggish waters, which appeared lazily to yield her way, and close again quite as lazily when she had passed. Frank and his wife were delighted with the scene; to them it had all the charm of novelty, and as each fresh opening in the view met their gaze they eagerly pointed out its beauties to each other.

Lizzy would turn from time to time to assure herself that the Belgian girl she had hired at Ostend to take charge of baby was not neglecting her task; then, satisfied of his safety, turned again to enjoy the prospect. It was really a very pretty picture: the youthful couple so engrossed with each other; the nurse with her lace cap, gold chain, earrings, and chubby child. At least one elderly gentleman evidently thought so; for nearly an hour he had stood contemplating them in silence.

Perhaps they recalled recollections of his own youthful days. It was possible though barely probable, that he too had passed the same route with a fair bride and her first-born; a glistening moisture in his eye rather tended to confirm the supposition.

"Look, Frank; do look at those girls with their gold head-dress!" exclaimed Lizzy, as a heavy boat rowed past them. "How rich! I wonder if they are real gold!"

"Of the purest quality," said the stranger, who seemed to have been waiting an opportunity to break the ice. "They are not Belgian but Friesland women.

"Thank you," said Frank; "they must be wealthy to indulge in such ornaments."

"Less so than you would imagine," observed the gentleman; "they are, I suspect the humblest of their class. I have frequently seen in my earlier days the daughters and wives of the rich farmers and gentry with similar head-dresses adorned with diamonds to the amount of several hundred pounds. They descend from mother to child, and I believe they would sooner starve than part with them. You will find a similar feeling," he continued, "amongst the peasants of Italy, especially those of Florence, with this exception, that the ornaments are strings of pearls and chains."

Lizzy and her husband both thanked him; and the ceremony of an introduction thus waived, the conversation continued to the end of the voyage.

On reaching Ghent, they went to the same inn, and dined together.

Colonel Mortimer, for by that name he announced himself, was apparently about fifty years of age, twenty of which he had passed in India in the Company's service, and only lately quitted England after a cruel disappointment.

The nature of it he did not allude to.

"I am wandering now," he said, "purposelessly, and almost hopelessly, not in search of amusement, but forgetfulness, through the scenes once familiar to my youth, for I was educated upon the Continent. I have been severely tried," he added.

It was impossible not to devote a day to the antiquities of Ghent; the glorious church of St. Bavon with its Van Eckl, the gorgeous altarpiece by Rubens. These the colonel pointed out to the young travelers, and directed their attention to the arms of Charles I. upon the colossal candelabra in front of the high altar. They had once adorned the Chapel Royal in England, but were sold by the Puritans most probably for the value of the metal.

Passing by the quay, they paused to examine a group of ancient buildings on the spot where the new Palais de Justice has lately been erected.

"How singular!" exclaimed Frank. "Just like the church at Wraycourt."

Colonel Mortimer appeared interested at the name.

"Wraycourt!" he repeated. "Have you ever resided there?"

"As a child," answered Frank, conscious of the imprudence he had committed. "Are you acquainted with the place?"

"Scarcely acquainted with the place, since I only visited it twice, and then but for a few hours," replied the colonel. "The first time must be nearly twenty years since; the last very lately. Perhaps you were not so young," he exclaimed, "when you resided there as to have forgotten the names of the principal residents?"

Frank could only bow.

"Do you remember the name of Beacham?"

Lizzy did not dare to look at her husband lest it should increase his confusion.

"A person about my age."

"I think I recollect him," said the young man, recovering his self possession; "but it is years since I either saw or heard anything of him."

"Ah, so they told me at Wraycourt," observed the gentleman with a sigh. "Strange that he should have left no trace behind him!"

With this observation the conversation changed.

Frank and his wife felt naturally alarmed It was necessary for the success of their visit to Germany that no clue should be given to their real names; and here, at the very outset of their journey, they had been questioned upon the subject. Could Colonel Mortimer suspect them? Was he an agent of Mr. Berrington? were the questions they naturally asked.

"And I have told him our destination," muttered Frank, deeply mortified "It will be a lesson to me in the future. Recollect, Lizzy, that we must be more careful than ever to preserve the assumed name of Hastings."

The next day they took their leave of Colonel Mortimer, who informed them that it was more than probable they might meet again at Schwineberg.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT is astonishing the continuous amount of energy and quiet perseverance a woman who really loves or hates can employ for either good or evil. They are far more consequent than those so falsely named the stronger sex. Eleanor Charlton had made up her mind to destroy the happiness of Lucy. She did not perceive exactly how the task could be accomplished, but trusted to the chapter of accidents, her own tact, and the simple unsuspecting nature of her victim, who, incapable of either treachery or falsehood herself, was naturally slow in suspecting it in others.

Faithful to her appointment, the heartless creature presented herself the following morning at the hotel of Lady Rislip.

"How is the dear boy?" she exclaimed, on entering the saloon.

"Better—much better," replied the anxious step-mother, whose jaded countenance showed she had been a watcher during the night.

"Thank Heaven!"

"The fever has passed away, and since daybreak he has slept soundly."

"How pale and fatigued you look!" observed her visitor. "Why did you not send for me? I could have relieved you of part of your toil."

Lucy did not—in fact, she could not very well—explain how distasteful such an arrangement would have been to the little invalid.

"And your ball, Eleanor—your ball."

"What are balls," observed the beauty, "or pleasure of any kind, when those we love are in sorrow?"

Lord Rislip warmly thanked her.

"I am come to pass the whole day with you," continued their visitor. "Papa has left for Chantilly."

Her unsuspecting friend said something about the sacrifice.

"Sacrifice!" repeated Eleanor; "pleasure, you mean. I thought you knew me better than to judge as the world judges. I am naturally fond of quiet retirement. Society possesses no attractions for me now. I frequently wish I could avoid it."

"You must not be so unjust to the world," observed her former admirer, "with your talents and accomplishments."

"The reproach comes with a bad grace from you, my lord," said the lady laughingly; "but it is so like you men—you imagine that your sex alone possess the right to hide the candle beneath the bushel You speak of your talents—I really ought to curtsy for the compliment—what are they compared with those you are content to sacrifice?"

The peer smiled. It was his weakness to be caught by flattery. Had the speaker trusted more to her knowledge of his character, and less to her own attractions, the chances are that Lucy would not have outrivalled her in his affections.

"How often," she continued, "do I hear it said that Lord Rislip is wasting his life, dreaming away his opportunities, suffering to lie idle the genius which ought to share in the direction of the councils of his country?"

"I have no ambition," observed his lordship laughingly.

"Then you ought to have."

"My wife does not think so. Do you, Lucy?"

This was a direct appeal to the opinion of her ladyship, who, her rival secretly trusted, would wound the susceptibility of her husband by her reply.

"I am very glad you have not," answered Lucy.

"And why?" asked Miss Charlton.

"Because it would increase the difference still more between us," replied the humble-minded countess. "With the eyes of his country fixed upon him, he would care very little for the approval of a simple creature like myself."

This was not exactly the answer her visitor wished.

"Now he is pleased when I praise him."

"You should think less humbly of yourself."

"What can it signify how humbly I think of myself. I feel proud of my husband. I am like the fortunate finder of a pearl; I know the value of the gem, but do not care to be always trumpeting it to the world."

Miss Charlton colored. There was a quiet reproof, mixed with a delicate sarcasm, in the reply which she had not expected.

"I should proclaim its value," she observed.

"Not if you prized it for itself," answered Lucy. "If you wished to be envied merely for wearing it, I can understand your view."

"Ladies! ladies!" interrupted Lord Rislip, who, perhaps, never felt so gratified with his wife's tact as at that moment. "Pearl! genius! talents! Do you really wish to upset the little common-sense Nature has endowed me with? You will persuade me I am a very Crichton next."

"No fear of my sweet friend falling into that error," observed the visitor, who felt that the tables had been turned on her, and wisely changed the subject.

Like most men whose minds are emotional rather than reflective, the husband of Lucy was passionately fond of music, and it had frequently been a subject of regret that his wife neither sung nor played brilliantly. True she could give intense feeling to a ballad which suited her voice—a rich soprano, but of rather limited compass. His lordship's taste had been educated. He loved music for its difficulties rather than its melodies.

Elizabeth Charlton both played and sang divinely; and, walking through the half open door which communicated with the circular saloon, she seated herself at the instrument, and passed her fingers rapidly over the keys.

"Your piano has fallen below pitch, my love," she observed

"I told Lucy so last night," observed the peer.

"It is quite high enough for me," replied the wife.

"I prefer mine a Philharmonic pitch" said the visitor, commencing the prelude to a favorite Italian air, which she knew his lordship greatly admired.

In an instant he was by her side, turning over the pages of the song.

If Lady Rislip did not feel altogether dissatisfied, she was equally far from being pleased. The most unsuspicious woman, when she loves, has a tact that warns her of danger—a presentiment of any influence hostile to her happiness—and she sat meditating the tone of the conversation instead of listening to the rich voice and wondrous execution of the singer.

"Eleanor does not mean it," she thought. "Still it is very unkind of her to make my deficiencies so apparent. I suppose it is because she never loved that she is so thoughtless"

Artful would have been a better word.

Towards the close of the evening, the footman opened the door and announced a name which Lucy caught but indistinctly, and the next instant the stranger who had been so exceedingly anxious in his inquiries the preceding day walked into the room.

With a cry of astonishment and delight the countess recognised her father.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Early in February two German women, living in Prussian Saxony, and in addition living in the same house and on the same floor, were each, on the same day, delivered of three children, and they were all boys. Probably such a singular coincidence never before occurred.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure you have earned it.

The Doctor's Patient

BY HERVIN DAVIS

DR. MILLER, poor but talented, had worked so hard all summer that now, late in August, one of the doctors in the hospital had insisted on his going to the seaside for a few days to recuperate; and Miller, although ill able to afford it, had felt the necessity of it and had gone.

During his first twenty four hours away, he had a patient at the same hotel.

It was the companion of the rich, fashionable Mrs. Chamberlyn.

"Providential," he muttered to himself, sitting there vaguely listening to the deep-toned music of the sea. "I can remain a little longer, if I am paid for my services here."

It was two o'clock before he left the sick girl, with the oppression almost gone from her chest and her pulse quieted down.

She was able to thank him with a very sweet smile, when he left her for the night.

After breakfast he returned to No. 20.

The elder lady received him graciously, introducing herself.

"The young lady, Miss Howell, whose life I believe you have saved, is a companion to me, but I am almost as much attached to her as if she were a relative. I shall pay her bill of course, and wish you to continue to attend upon her as long as there is the slightest need of your services, doctor."

The smile of gratitude with which the patient welcomed her physician thrilled him as no smile had ever before thrilled him.

There was fever, of course, for her illness had been brought about by staying too long bathing on the beach; and it must take some days and great care to recover from so sudden and severe an attack; but present danger was over, the young doctor assured them.

Mrs. Chamberlyn learned that he was from the city; she knew two or three of the great physicians, and would talk about them; she took the liberty of asking two or three questions about himself, and was polite enough to say she thought there was no place like the city for a medical man of talent.

In fact, this rich old lady had taken a fancy to the handsome, modest young doctor, and was pleased to show her interest in him.

It even came into her scheming head that here was a good match for her favorite, Roma Howell.

What a romantic thing it would be to bring about a marriage between these two!

Roma was accomplished—sang finely—played—read beautifully—would make a delightful wife.

It was true they were both poor, but Roma could be a help to him; could give lessons, and so add to their income.

Mrs. Chamberlyn became so enthusiastic that she resolved to make the pair a wedding present of a house, if they only would do as she wished, and fall in love with each other.

Well, it all came about as she wished.

Dr. Miller, who had come for a week, remained three.

What did it matter, so long as his fees paid his expenses?

Yet, as he admitted to his conscience, Miss Howell was no longer ill, he could no longer accept pay for visits which had changed into hours of keenest happiness.

He would not leave the hotel so long as she remained.

She might be careless and expose herself to a second attack.

Most of the visitors had departed; it was September; he ought to go; what was to be done?

"What a miserable thing it is to be poor!"

He was taking Roma Howell out for her first walk on the beach.

As he spoke he set down on the warm sand the camp stool he was carrying and placed her on it.

"Why?" she asked looking up with those laughing lovely eyes. "I have never been very miserable."

"Perhaps you are willing always to be poor, then?" he said, with a gaze so intense that, although she tried bravely to face it, the silken fringes would sink lower. "The girl who marries me will have many hardships to encounter. Dare you be that girl?"

She sat silent a moment, while he stood by her side the image of despair.

He had not meant to be betrayed into such a question for a long time yet, but his passion had played him a sudden trick, and the question was asked.

"I could dare the very worst of poverty if I were certain you loved me," she answered him at length.

"Love you, Roma! You may know how I love you when you see how you have made me break my good resolutions. I had planned for years of work and struggle before I could hope to ask for anything so sweet as a wife's love; but you, with your bewildering eyes, your tempting lips, and your glorious soul—oh, Roma, to have a friend, a companion, a sweet partner such as you would be, dearest! I would be having my Heaven as I went along!"

As he bent to look into her drooping face a rude hand came down on her delicate shoulder like a blow—a voice, frightful with the ring of a dozen evil passions said:

"I have found you, Mrs. Chase, at last. Just as I expected to find you, with a man dangling after you. Are you aware, sir, that you are making love to another man's wife?"

"Another man's wife!" repeated Dr. Miller; and he reeled as if the insolent stranger had struck him in the face, while Roma, with a faint cry, sank down insensible at his feet.

* * * * *

It was the evening following the afternoon of that scene on the beach.

Dr. Miller had sought Mrs. Chamberlyn, who was talking on, trying to exonerate herself.

"Of course, I had no' the least idea that she was a married woman. She came to me last February in reply to my advertisement for a companion; her references were of the best—and I had no reason to suspect her of being an adventuress. She is not the wrong-doer, whoever else may be."

"But, the deceit, Mrs. Chamberlyn! Surely, she is responsible for that! What is it to her that she has ruined a man's life!"

"Have I ruined your life?" asked a clear, silver-sweet voice that made him turn and stare at the beautiful girl who had stolen to his side.

He was about to speak, but she motioned him to remain silent.

"Listen to me! The man who interrupted us I confess I once thought I loved. I was only a schoolgirl, sixteen years old, when he laid his plans to entangle my affections.

"I became engaged to him secretly. He wished me to marry him secretly, but that I refused.

"He was obliged to ask my parents for me, he moved in high society, but he was known to have bad habits and to be a gambler, and this they explained to me, desiring me to break off my engagement.

"I would believe nothing against Fred Chase; so that, after months of opposition, they yielded, and began preparations for our marriage to prevent my being tempted into running away.

"Everything was ready—the day of the wedding had arrived; I was actually dressed for the ceremony when I chanced to overhear Fred—who supposed himself alone with one of my friends, a bride's maid, in a curtained recess off the music room—swearing to her that he had never loved any one but her, would always love her, and was only going to marry me because his gambling debts compelled him to choose the girl with the most money.

"My shame, my distress and horror were overwhelming. My only thought was to escape from one I had so nearly bound myself to.

"I used as little discretion in the way I took as I had before; going to my room, I hastily exchanged my bridal robes for a traveling dress, and left the house, while the guests were assembling to see me married. I was afraid if I remained he might find some means of compelling me to keep my promise.

"My love for him had changed to scorn and dislike. I went to the house of a former servant that night; the next day I went to the city, and there I answered Mrs. Chamberlyn's advertisement. In a few weeks I wrote to my mother where I was and what I was doing, begging her to allow me to remain for a year. I did not care to meet my old friends nor him. Mamma has known and approved of all my movements since. She has even been written to about you, Dr. Miller.

"You see," and here, for the first time, the sweet story-teller smiled, "I had learned to distrust the world—had come to the wise resolve that if I ever again were won I would make sure of a disinterested lover," and she glanced up at the tall doctor with a gleam of mischief in her beautiful eyes.

"But he called you his wife," stammered he.

"That was just like his impertinence! He wanted to frighten you away. He hoped he could work upon my girlish fancy and still win the heiress whose fortunes he courted."

"The heiress!"

"Why, yes, certainly! I am wealthy. You thought me poor. It is my only chance to marry a man who loves me for myself alone and I'm not disposed to give it up."

Is it necessary to add that she was not compelled to give it up?

If a man loves a bewitching woman he is not going to resign her because she happens to be rich.

Doubtless it was a heavy trial for the young doctor to marry so much money; but he soon resigned himself, and Mrs. Chamberlyn enjoyed herself greatly at the wedding.

New servant answers the bell, which has been rung by an elderly gentleman. "Is your mistress in, my dear?" "No, sir." "Ah, tell her when she returns that her father was passing and called in to say all were well at home." "Yes, sir." Then, as the old gentleman is about to withdraw, "Oh, won't you leave your name, sir?"

QUAINT DANCE FIGURES.

THE following are some of the newest ideas in fashionable dancing abroad: The cotillion is now only waltzed; the polka step is entirely obsolete. When the leader taps his foot upon the ground, or claps his hands, all the couples rise, waltz for a short time, and then re-seat themselves. The leader taps his foot, or claps his hand a second time, when the first couple waltz a few turns round the room and then separate. The lady then takes two cavaliers, giving her hand which is nearest to her partner, who has already gracefully taken the hands of the other ladies. The two groups then advance, retire, and then separate, and each cavalier waltzes with the lady who is opposite to him. The couple next to the leaders waltz round the room and dance the same figure. When they have finished all the other couples do the same.

The Looking-Glass.—A lady, who is seated, holds a hand-glass in her left hand, the gentlemen come behind her chair and when the face of the chosen one is reflected she lightly passes her handkerchief over the glass, to imply that her choice is made.

Back to Back.—The leader of the cotillion waltzes for a short time with his partner; they then separate, and select from the company five ladies and six gentlemen, who place themselves in a line back to back. The gentleman who directs this dance is left out of the line. At a given signal from him the dancers turn round, and dance each with the lady who faces him. But one of the gentlemen must be deprived of a partner, because the director after having given his signal has chosen one of the ladies in line to dance with him.

Rings and Foils.—Each one of four ladies and four gentlemen is presented, the former with a ring of iron, the latter with a foil. Each lady throws her ring upon the ground, and each gentleman tries to file it upon his foil. One of the four swords is magnetic; so what happens? While three of the dancers are fencing in good faith, the fourth has only to present the point of his foil, and the ring is of course immediately attracted and fixed to it.

The Fan and Cushion.—The dancer leads his partner to a seat in the centre of the circle and offers her a fan. He then asks two other gentlemen to seat themselves, one to her right, the other to her left; then she presents the fan to the one she does not select for her partner, and dances with the other. He who has received the fan follows the dancing couple round the room, using it for their benefit. The cushion is presented to a lady, who pushes it away with her foot if the offender is not acceptable as a partner. Each gentleman who is presented kneels upon the cushion. All the rejected suitors place themselves behind the lady and follow her and her partner as they waltz round the room.

Dice.—The leader conducts a lady to a chair in the middle of the room and places two large dice, made of cardboard, at her feet. Two gentlemen then throw the dice, and he who throws the highest number dances with the lady. He who does not dance tries his luck with the next lady, and does not leave his place until he has succeeded in his turn in scoring the highest number.

The Woolen Ball.—Woolen balls of different colors—blue, pink, green, white and orange—are distributed among the ladies. A rosette of ribbon is presented to each, who carefully pins the same in a conspicuous part of the bodice of her dress. Every lady throws her ball in front of her at a given signal, and it is most amusing to see the confusion of the gentlemen as they scramble to obtain the ball belonging to the lady they admire. These balls can be made by young girls, and they serve afterwards as harmless and pleasing toys for children.

Flowers and Emblems.—The leading couple separate and the lady asks two gentlemen to fix upon the names of two animals; then, taking them up to a lady, asks her which of the said animals she prefers, and dances herself with the one not chosen. During this time a gentleman is occupied in the same manner with two ladies, asking them to choose a flower or a qualification; for instance, he would say to a lady, "Which do you prefer, jasmine or violets? grace or beauty?"

The Third Thief.—A gentleman places his partner in the centre of the room and presents to her two cavaliers, who stand before her with heads abased. If the lady is not pleased with either of the gentlemen, she turns to look at a third, who stands behind her, and waltzes with him, while the two rejected ones follow her as she dances!

The Scarf.—The gentlemen form a circle, turning round rapidly. A lady throws upon the head or shoulders of one of the gentlemen a tulle scarf, the end of which she retains in her hand while she waltzes with him.

Paper Hoops.—The gentlemen form a circle, turning their backs to a lady, who is placed in their centre, and breaks the hoop upon the head of the gentleman with whom she would dance.

The smooth wooden or tiled floors of the French, dotted over with rugs, are coming into favor in American houses.

Scientific and Useful.

HINTS.—To get rid of black beetles mix together one cupful of sugar, one of oatmeal, and one of plaster of Paris in powder, and sprinkle about their haunts. Cattle hoofs are now worth $60 per ton, for making horn buttons. A solution of oxalic acid is the best for scouring and polishing copper; finish with whiting.

THE THERMOGRAPH.—A new instrument has just been introduced to the medical profession, from the use of which we may anticipate results of great scientific importance. It is named the thermograph, and its purpose is to continuously record the changes of the temperature of the body. The information gained will be of high value in treatment of cases, etc.

ODOR OF HUMAN HAIR.—A French medical journal calls attention to the medico-legal value of the odor of human hair. It asserts that from the simple smell of a lock of hair it can be told whether the lock has been cut from the living subject, or whether it has been composed of hair that has fallen out. In cases of doubtful death the fact may be of importance.

NEW USE FOR MICA.—Mica has been applied to a new use, that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. A sheet of mica is imbedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the insole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges, or next under the filling, or between the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the upper space from the toe to the instep.

HEADACHE.—In headache due to determination of blood to the head and in fever, the following simple treatment is to be commended: Put a handful of salt into a quart of water; add an ounce of spirits of hartshorn and half an ounce of spirits of camphor. Cork the bottle tightly to prevent the escape of the spirit. Soak a piece of soft cloth with the mixture and apply it to the head; wet the rag fresh as soon as it gets heated.

STEAM CARRIAGES.—In Saxony they have been trying a steam carriage for conveyance of goods through the streets without rails. It has carried 18,326 pounds of goods in forty-four runs, which have been easily made in all quarters of the town, on rises and on descents, and on various curves, without causing any accidents. Nearly all the weight is carried on the hind wheels. The engine makes little noise, and does not give out too much smoke.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.—Good pale vinous cider, one hogshead; proof spirits (pale), three gallons; sugar, fourteen pounds; mix, and let them remain together in a temperate situation for one month; then add orange-flower water, one quart, and fine it down with skimmed milk, half a gallon. This will be very pale, and a similar article, when bottled in champagne bottles, silvered and lettered, has been often sold for champagne. It opens very brisk if managed properly.

CHOOSING MEATS, ETC.—Beef should be of a bright red color, well streaked with yellowish fat, and surrounded with a thick outside layer of fat. Good mutton is bright red, with plenty of hard, white fat. Veal and pork should be of a bright, clean color, with an abundance of hard, white, semi-transparent fat. Fresh poultry may be known by its full, bright eyes, pliable feet and moist skin; the best is plump, fat and nearly white. The feet and neck of a chicken suitable for broiling are large in proportion to its size; the tip of the breastbone is soft and easily bent between the fingers. Fish, when fresh, have firm flesh, bright, clear eyes, rigid fins and ruddy gills. Lobsters and crabs must be bright in color and lively in movement. Roots and tubers must be plump, even-sized, with fresh, unshrivelled skins, and are good from ripening time until they begin to sprout. All green vegetables should be crisp, fresh and juicy, and are best just before flowering.

Farm and Garden.

CUT FLOWERS.—The proper stage at which to cut flowers for decoration is the most important part of the subject of flower supply next to the production. Never cut any flower until fully developed. Flowers which open when cut, as the gladiolus, may be exceptions to this rule, but should not be cut until fairly developed.

THE ORCHARD.—After pruning the orchard, care should be taken to clean up and burn all the brush before the embryo insects harboring in it have time to mature. The loose bark should also be scraped off and burned, and every cluster of the eggs of the tent caterpillar be removed betimes and cast into the fire. Attention to these matters now will save a great deal of vexation and loss hereafter.

FUCHSIAS.—These beautiful flowers may be trained into any desired shape, if taken in time. Take the little upright plants, pinch out the centre, and in place of one there will spring out two, often three, shoots. Let these branches make about the same growth, and repeat the process to each, keeping the side branches of equal length or tapering like a pyramid, or by clipping off all the lower limbs, and letting the upper ones droop over, you have an umbrella.

THE WOOD SUPPLY.—There is a vast drain upon the supply of wood for other purposes than fuel and railways, and the larger manufactures. Thus, 500,000 barrels of birch, beech and maple timber are annually consumed in the manufacture of shoe lasts, and the same quantity in making handles for small tools. The match business yearly uses up 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine. And these are only three out of many minor industries which make heavy inroads every year upon our supply of timber.

REMARKS.—Kerosene or oil of any kind is said to be sure death to insects in all stages, and the only substance with which there is hope to destroy the egg. Oil will mix with milk fresh or sour, and thus may be diluted to any desired extent. It is better to transplant pears, peaches, cherries and plums in the spring than in the fall. When strawberry plants are set in rows, it requires 14,520 for an acre. No man will ever get a first rate even or profitable flock of sheep who does not make a practice of yearly culling. Facts and experiment go to prove that a cow high in flesh will yield more butter in proportion to the yield of milk than one in low flesh.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Phila'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 28 cts.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTIETH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 Per Year, in Advance which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	30 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

HOW TO REMIT.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster is required to register letters when requested.

Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philada.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"LADY HUTTON'S WARD."—Chapters XXXIII, XXXIV and XXXV.

"THE LOST WIFE."—Chapter XXIX Continued, and Chapters XXX and XXXI.

"LADY MARGERIE."—Chapter XLI Continued, and Chapter XLII.

SHORT STORIES.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORLD OF HUMOR.

MIRO-A-BRAC.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PERSONALITIES.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

EDITORIALS. SANCTUM CHAT.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POETRY.

CHURLISHNESS:

THE desire to please is so general that people are apt to think it an essential quality in human nature. There is one temper, however, which does seem to us free from this instinctive craving; the ideal churl never seems actuated, even in the inmost sanctuary of his thoughts, by the wish to please. It is not a thing he thinks of; his fellow creatures never present themselves to his thoughts as beings to whom it would be delightful to make himself acceptable and agreeable, apart from anything to be got by it of gain or consequence. The churl's views are narrowed to the present object; he has no forethought, no plan; a stolid will is his absolute master; he must please himself, and the indulgence of his native surliness is the only road that habit makes easy; he takes it because it is obvious. A disregard of the rights of others, a dulness toward human nature, as such, marks him.

He is not one of nature's favorites; not that he is wholly without a sense of duty, or without affections; but he exercises these grudgingly. His nature is counter to the general consent as to what is gracious, winning, and becoming. He is an offence to the universal sense of brotherhood. Nobody is loyal to him; rather every one is in league against him.

Those who suffer under the churl have not the consoling vista of a remorseful future for him; for he believes himself to be within his rights, and, being what he is, there is no likelihood of his view changing. A man may make himself insufferable to the people about him, and yet entertain the notion that he poses before them as an image of power, force, and social importance. That he vexes, disconcerts, and irritates, are accidents which only give point to the position.

Unlovely as the fully developed churl is—an object of pity, indeed, as working in dull ignorance of consequences, his life a perpetual self-deprivation of the sympathy essential to happiness—it may possibly be that the groundwork of this temper has its work to do in the world. Certainly the tendency may be suspected in characters which reach almost to the standard of saintliness. Saints, indeed, vary like sinners in this respect. While some have an especial charm of courtesy, have pre-eminently the gift of pleasing, and impart a sanctity to the graces and civilities of life, others hold high principles on what might seem the churlish model. They find it apparently easy to say disagreeable things in a rough way. Truth, they take it, needs no wrapping up, no softening, no disguise; while the amenities of intercourse are against the grain, conformed to grudgingly, and with an effort. Both tempers have their use—their work in the world. Sincerity is imperatively required of both, whether of the tender-hearted, or of natures of a less responsive sympathy; but plain speaking, where it is to give pain, to abash, irritate, confound, ought surely to cost the speaker something, else much of the merit evaporates, while its tendency is to harden the spirit in other and worse respects.

SANCTUM CHAT

IT has been proposed that farmers should pay their daughters for labor as they do their sons, and allow them some social freedom, in order to prevent them from longing for city life, and seeking it.

—

IN the very cold weather which London has lately experienced, the death rate rose from 21.8 to 22.6, in the two preceding weeks, to 28.4 per 1,000. The loss of life directly caused by the weather was appalling.

—

THE census shows the centre of the population to be somewhere in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and that it has moved westward but fifty miles during the past decade. This is not very rapid progress toward the setting sun.

—

THE new Prohibitory Liquor Law in Kansas makes no exception in favor of druggists' preparations, cider, and wine made in the State, or wine for sacramental purposes. It is thought that the statute is so strict that it will prove inoperative.

—

RECENT changes in the criminal code of Indiana gives the judges power to fix the punishment of all criminals instead of the jury, as now. In cases of a capital nature, executions are made strictly private, all persons being excluded from the spectacle except the jury, relatives of the condemned, and the officers.

—

A NEW sort of portable fire escape has just been patented, which consists of an arrangement in the form of a large telescope, which can be extended upwards, forming a tower reaching to the top stories, and from the upper section of which a door can be opened and a bridge stretched across to the burning house. Over this persons can go and descend within the great tube, which is protected by a covering of sheet iron.

—

THE "rock-a-way" is the latest English variety of the waltz. It is largely patronized by the indolently inclined. It derives its name from swaying, a motion produced by changing the foot on the first note of each bar only, and is a lazy development of the old "hop" waltz.

—

THE experiment of irrigating lands in the neighborhood of Paris with waters from the sewers is said to be working successfully. Sterile tracts of land have been converted into fertile plains, while no increase of sickness among the inhabitants has followed, as was apprehended by some.

—

NEVADA papers state that the bootmakers in the Capital make complaint that any person who so desires can go to the State Prison and have a pair of boots or shoes made to order. The free labor men fear the ruin of their business if they are to pay tax and license for the privilege of competing in prices with convict productions.

—

IN a short address at Ottawa, a few nights ago, the Governor-General condemned the practice Canadians have of getting their photographs taken with a huge icicle for a background, and clad in heavy furs, saying that it led Europeans to the belief that the climate of Canada is extraordinarily cold, "when it is one of the finest in the world."

—

"THE complaint is not so much that people work on Sunday," says the circular of the Chicago Sabbath Association, "but that they play. It is against sinful recreations that we are moving." On this a Massachusetts paper comments: "The Puritans," said Macauley, "hated bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

—

A BILL has been favorably reported in the Massachusetts Legislature providing that all box freight cars hereafter obtained by any railroad corporation in that State shal be provided with a wire iron railing, not less than four inches in height, running along each side of the car at the top for the protection of train hands, and any company violating the act shall forfeit $25.

—

A NEW invention is reported from Italy. It consists in the application of light-giving materials to printing-ink, by which print becomes luminous in the dark, so that in future it will be possible to read at night, in bed, or during a journey, without the assistance of candle, lamp, or gas. A new daily paper in which this luminous material will be used, it is said, is about to be published in one of its leading cities.

—

ENGLISH papers say that so enormous has been the increase of "excessive drunkenness" within the last few years that the Imperial Chancellor of the German Empire has lately submitted to the Federal Council a bill devised by him for the repression of a habit which "has become a national scandal." Hard times and cheap spirits are terrible promoters of inebriety, and it is more than probable that the severe trials through which German agriculture, commerce, and industry have recently passed, and the low prices at which corn and potato brandy are purchased throughout the Fatherland, may have brought about the deplorable prevalence of drunkenness with which Prince Bismarck proposes to grapple by exceptional legislation.

—

OFFICIAL figures show that during the year 1880, 106,191 German emigrants sailed from the ports of Germany and from Antwerp, or more than three times as many as in the preceding year. This enormous increase is due in part to the fairer prospects which the general prosperity of this country has offered, in part of the growing aversion to the military at home, and in part, to the discontent which the protection policy of the Empire has caused "by raising the price of bread and other necessaries of the poor."

—

A CURIOUS fact in connection with the recent census is said to be that there are fewer persons of Northern birth living in the Southern States than ten years ago. The great increase in the Southern States—white and black—is nearly all original native stock. Although the great increase of the aggregate population has been heavy, yet the number of the residents in the Southern States born elsewhere than in these States is less now than ten years ago. In other words, the Southern States are filling up with people of native birth and growth.

—

RECENT experiences in London have drawn attention to the arguments for and against an armed police. London policemen are allowed to carry firearms of every description, and the authorities are said to be unanimously in favor of the present system. One paper, which has been collecting opinions on the subject, says that among metropolitan superintendents and inspectors the universal voice is strongly against any proposition for increasing the defensive equipment of the policeman. On the other hand, the conviction is spreading that something ought to be done to check the practice, which is rapidly extending among the people, of carrying revolvers.

—

THE Princess of Wales is a fine musician, and plays from Chopin and Schumann with feeling. She is very fond of French art, and her private rooms are filled with innumerable objects in Dresden and Sevres, with small objects brought from India by the Prince, and with screens of her own embroidery. The French are very fond of her in return, and a white marble statuette, by a sculptor of that nation, represents her as a lady of the time of Henry II., dressed in a long brocade petticoat, the bodice loaded with precious stones, the head adorned with a cap with streaming feathers, and the features fine as a cameo, the whole thing an object of exquisite beauty.

—

To the tricks of the trade there is no end. According to a prominent French journal, considerable quantities of beautiful objects of artificial amber are now being produced in Vienna, and sold as real amber. The substance employed is chiefly resin, obtained by decomposition of turpentine, though several other ingredients are used to give it the requisite qualities. The imitation is so perfect that the product has the electric properties of true amber. Ingenious manufacturers have introduced into the substance foreign bodies, insects, etc., to make similarity more striking. Natural amber requires a high temperature. Also, true amber is attacked but slightly by ether or alcohol, and only after a long time, whereas the other loses its profile on contact with these liquids, and becomes rapidly soft.

SEA-WAY.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

The tide slips up the silver sand
  Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea treasures to the land,
  Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores, from east to west,
It wails and gropes, and cannot rest.

O tide, that still doth ebb and flow
  Through night to golden day;
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go—
  Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away.
But sometime, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still, and ebb no more.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—(CONTINUED.)

"GENTLEMEN," he said, "it is a most painful and distressing duty that has fallen to my lot. The unveiling of the secrets of noble and highly respected families is ever an ungracious topic; and, in this case, there is so much that is both remarkable and mysterious, that I feel diffident in beginning the relation; but, briefly, the case stands thus: The late Earl of St. Clair, whom you, gentlemen, may claim as one of your county magnates, though many causes combined to induce him to fix his residence in his own more southern and genial seat in the Hampshire coast ——"

"Commonly called the Isle of Wight, I fancy, Mr. Bradley," put in one of the magistrates.

"Exactly," resumed the attorney. "Yes, in the Isle of Wight Lord St. Clair fixed his abode for many years past, though his most ancient seat was in the neighborhood of this very town. In that seat, gentlemen, the earl had one daughter born to him, in whom he had, I regret to say, as much sorrow as joy. The young lady in question was induced to leave her father's home in a clandestine manner, and the mysteries that followed are yet to be fully cleared up. Suffice is to say that her disappearance was final. She went to India, died there, and a daughter, her sole child, was henceforth brought up as the legitimate child and heiress of the estates and titles of the St. Clairs.

"Now, gentlemen, the reason why I am compelled to enter into these painful family details, is, as you will presently see, to vindicate the right of my client to prosecute the prisoner for the abstraction and possession of certain jewels. The young lady was, as I have said, brought up as the grand daughter and heiress of the late earl, and was presumed to be the lawful child of Lady Cecily St. Clair. And to the credit of my client, the sister of the late earl, and next heiress to the estates, she never in the slightest degree attempted to throw any doubt upon the title of this young lady, albeit the sole claimant between himself and the splendid inheritance. But her self-denial did not go unrewarded.

"On the very day that was to have united this young lady to a relative, who is also a collateral heir to the line, she is supposed to have perished by fire, even in her bridal array and costly ornaments. The shock of the calamity—for the whole circumstances of the case were exciting and painful to the last degree—produced serious results on the earl who was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered. But its not so immediately with the calamity of the earl's seizure that we had to deal; it is the question of the jewels that must occupy our attention; and when I have laid the case fully before you, I think you will agree with me in saying that none more extraordinary ever came within your experience.

"To proceed, then: It appears, incredible as it must seem, that the body of Miss St. Clair was rescued from the flames (how, no one can say,) and transported by some mysterious agency, and doubtless for some equally mysterious purpose, to the remote region of the Cumberland Hills. I own that I cannot explain any of these facts; all I can do is to establish my statements as real and incontrovertible truths. I will call my first witness now, in proof of my assertion."

He paused, and in a few seconds the gaunt figure and sinister face of Hugh, the farrier, appeared in the witness-box. After being sworn, he proceeded to give his evidence. He told the same story there that he had repeated some months before to Sir Evan, stating that he had found the young lady in the valley of the Tor,—dead; that he had carried her to his mountain home, not knowing what else to do with her; that he had kept her there for some short time,—an hour or two, it might be,—during which period she had not shown the least sign of life.

"One moment, if you please," said the lawyer for the prosecution, addressing Hugh. "Now be kind enough to listen attentively, and reply concisely, to what I am about to ask, remembering that the honor of a noble name is at stake. Did you, or did you not, find any one within your house when you entered with the body of the unfortunate young lady?"

"I found some strangers there," replied Hugh.

"Look round the court," pursued the lawyer, "and see if you recognize any of those strangers here."

The sinister eyes of the farrier fixed on Sir Evan.

"That gentleman," said he, "was one of them."

"You are certain?"

"I am certain."

"State what more took place."

"That gentleman looked at the lady, and pronounced her dead. He had two other gentlemen with him. One of them thought there might be life in her; but that was nonsense,—she was stone dead. Then that gentlemen," he here gave a side nod at Sir Evan, "began to talk about supper,—but I had none to give them; so he went off to the Red Tarn Inn, to order something to be sent."

"What!—all the way up the mountain?" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why couldn't the gentlemen have gone to the supper, instead of sending for the supper to come to them?"

"It wouldn't have suited his plans," replied the farrier, cunningly.

"What plans?" inquired the lawyer for the prosecution.

"I object to the question," said the attorney for the defence.

"As you will," replied the other, and then again he addressed Hugh: "State distinctly all that happened," he said, "Sir Evan Leslie, as I understand you, went then to order some supper to be sent from the Red Tarn Inn to your old house in the hills, a distance of three miles, or thereabouts, I believe?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And the supper he ordered was sent.

"It was," replied Hugh.

"Of what did it consist?"

"Meat and drinks," answered the farrier.

"Clear and concise," remarked the lawyer, with a smile; "was there much of the latter—the 'drinks' I mean?"

"Lots," replied the farrier, smilingly.

"And of good quality, I suppose?" said the lawyer.

"First-rate," he replied, still more smilingly.

"And you took your share, doubtless?"

"Mine and another man's as well," was the reply. "He—Sir Evan—plied me."

A murmur ran through the court, but it was quelled, and the examination proceeded.

"Sir Evan plied you, did he?" resumed the lawyer. "I shouldn't have thought that necessary. So you had plenty. Did you get drunk?"

The farrier paused, and his eye wandered round the court until it rested on one tall spare form in the crowd, then he answered:

"I became stupid. I might have been drunk, or not. I knew what was going on. I knew that the other men left the house, and that Sir Evan stayed behind them."

"With you alone in the house?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And where was the dead lady?" he asked.

"Locked into the smaller room, and the key of that room I had in my pocket."

"Remember that you are on your oath. You swear this?"

"I swear it. I went to that room with Sir Evan, and saw her safe on the ground where I had left her. I locked the door myself, and put the key in my pocket."

"Where were the other gentlemen at that moment?"

"I don't know. They had left the house—the outer door was open," he said.

"What happened next?"

"I returned with Sir Evan to the supper-table, and after that I know nothing. I was in a heavy sleep. When I awoke the next morning I missed the key from my pocket; and a pistol, which I loaded the night before, had the charge drawn. The key of the room I found some days after in an outhouse."

"And the body of the young lady?" asked the lawyer.

"Was gone. I broke into the room," he said.

A murmur ran through the court, with remarks far from complimentary to the unfortunate baronet. Then the lawyer for the defence rose.

"Did no one else enter your house that night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the farrier. "Doctor Fitzpatrick—a brave, clever gentleman—came to take shelter."

"Never mind your opinion of him," said the lawyer. "He came to take shelter, did he?"

"Yes, for nothing else."

"Did he see the dead lady?"

"He just saw her," replied Hugh; "but he's in court; let him answer for himself."

"Is Doctor Fitzpatrick here?" asked Sir Evan's lawyer, in some astonishment.

He was answered by the doctor himself, who claimed to be examined, and was forthwith put into the witness-box and sworn. He repeated Hugh's statement, saying that he had taken shelter from the storm that was raging so furiously without; that he had only remained a few minutes, but that during the short interval he had seen a dead lady lying on the ground.

"Did you recognize her?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly not. She was covered with a large black cloak; only a portion of the face was visible."

"You were intimately acquainted with Miss St.-Clair?" observed Sir Evan's lawyer, "and were present at her intended wedding?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Had you any suspicion that the deceased lady was Miss St. Clair?"

"Certainly not."

"As a medical man, did you not think it your duty to examine her—just to see if any life remained?"

"I wished to do so," replied the doctor, in a voice so distinct, that every word could be heard through the crowded court. "I approached her, and offered a restorative as the last chance of life; but my offer was rudely refused by one of the gentlemen with Sir Evan Leslie,—I allude to Doctor Grayley, one of my profession,—and all aid and interference on my part was declined. Seeing that I was not permitted to act, and the storm abating, I left the house, as I was much pressed for time. I told the farrier I should return in the morning. I did so, and found that the lady and her jewels had been carried off during the few hours of my absence."

The doctor left the witness-box, and the murmurs of disapproval grew louder and louder. At length order was restored, and the attorney for the prosecution resumed.

"It is now my painful duty, gentleman to prove to you that the pearls worn by that deceased lady have been traced to the possession of Sir Evan Leslie. You must remember that of her identify we have up to this point no proof. She may or may not have been Miss St. Clair; that question will follow after, and it may be a very grave one for Sir Evan Leslie. We must not forget, in the interest of the moment, that this inquiry relates only to the jewels, and that circumstances bearing on that point alone can be admitted as evidence. I now proceed to show you that the deceased lady, with all her jewels about her person, was conveyed to the shooting-box of Sir Evan Leslie on that terrible night; that she was secreted there for some weeks, during which time Sir Evan visited the house daily, for she had, in a most marvelous manner, been restored to life, if not to perfect strength."

He sat down, and another person occupied the witness-box. This time the witness was a peasant, a man of about forty, who swore that on the evening in question, while passing Glen Tor, he had seen the carriage of Sir Evan Leslie, stop at the lodge gate. He opened the gate, and while doing so, looked into the carriage. He saw an elderly person inside, and a young lady, whose head was resting on her companion's shoulder; the face of the young lady was deadly white. The carriage drove up to the house, and he knew no more.

"I think we cannot have any doubt, so far," remarked attorney for the prosecution; "but I have still stronger proof to give. I will now call my last witness."

Verney, Sir Evan's former valet, now stepped into the witness-box. In a moment the young man's fortitude gave way at the treachery that seemed to hem in and track him wherever he went. He had been a kind master to Verney; he had trusted him as a superior and confidential domestic and humble friend, rather than a servant; and now he was one of the first to assist his enemies. The start, the pallor, was noticed by the magistrates as well as the bystanders, and did damage to the belief in the unfortunate young man's innocence.

Verney's examination began.

"You are servant to the prisoner?" asked the lawyer.

"I was."

"Have you, then, left his service?"

The man half laughed, as he replied, "Well, it might almost be said that it left me, sir, for I never had any regular notice or quarrel; but Sir Evan Leslie went away very suddenly, and soon after him the housekeeper, and then the house was, as it were, left to itself, and I did not think it any good to stay, though I have been hanging on and waiting, in case Sir Evan Leslie came back again and was in want of my services."

"Then you did not leave him from any quarrel, dissatisfaction, or pique?"

"No, sir."

"You have no personal reason to complain of him?"

"None, unless the old sort of running off, and leaving me in a kind of unhandsome manner, was anything to complain of; but still——"

"Still you have left him?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Was any young woman brought to his house while you were there."

"Living or dead, sir?"

"Either."

Verney was silent.

"You are on your oath, remember," said the lawyer.

"Well, then, sir, I believe that one young female, or rather her body, was brought there. I caught a sight of her just as she was carried into the house, and she was beautiful enough for a model, which I take it she was to be; for she seemed dead, I should certainly say, as far as my ideas of her went."

"And did you never see her after?"

"Never, sir."

The tone of positive and indignant certainty with which this was spoken thrilled through the whole court. The examination went on.

"And was there anything to induce you to notice so especially this young lady, or, rather, her supposed corpse?"

"The jewels that sparkled in her dress, sir."

Another sensation, and the exam nation proceeded.

"Can you describe these jewels?"

"Certainly, sir,—they were pearls. It needed only half an eye to see that, especially when one has been used, as I have been, to see jewels in very good families, and of some value, but never anything like those."

"And how was it you did not see them again on the young lady? Was she not removed from the house?"

"I cannot say, sir. We went away, my master and I, to lodgings, though my master spent most of his time at his old house; and I thought something queer must be going on, for him to live away, and yet be always at the house?"

"And did you never afterwards see the jewels?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor hear of them?"

The man was silent,

"On your oath, remember."

"Am I bound to answer?" said the man, with a feigned reluctance.

"Certainly," said the magistrate.

"Then I did, once," replied Verney.

"From whom?"

"From my master's old housekeeper, Mrs. Harper."

"And in what manner?"

"She said she was uncomfortable at the amount of property in the house, and requested my master to remove it, if possible."

"In your hearing?" said the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"You swear this on your oath?"

"On my oath," replied the man.

By this time the feeling against the prisoner was fast gaining ground, and an accurate observer might have noticed that the witness carefully avoided meeting the eye of the master, against whom his evidence was telling so completely. But this passed without observation, and all that was felt in the court was a general feeling of surprise and disgust.

This witness was the last summoned for the prosecution, and then Sir Evan was called on for his defence. For some minutes he remained silent. There were contending feelings in his mind. The facts that had come to his knowledge during the inquiry proved to him yet more satisfactorily the danger of the fair Violet. It was clear to his mind—as clear as his own guilt to the prejudiced listeners around him—that the beautiful girl had been a victim of a cruel conspiracy. Then came the uncertainty as to his own line of conduct. To tell the truth would be to reveal the fact of Violet's existence. To summon Dr. Grayley, or any others who could bear evidence in his favor, would produce the same doubtful result. Violet, or Blanche, the true Countess of St. Clair, had far too deadly, subtle, and unscrupulous enemies to permit of her being exposed again to their plots, without some greater preparation, some more undoubted guarantee for her safety.

Not one moment did the young man hesitate, when once this conviction was decided in his mind. His own comfort, reputation,—nay, even life itself would willingly be given for Violet. They were worthless without her; why grudge them in her defence? All these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind ere he replied.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say in your defence?" was now the question put to him.

A deep silence fell on the court during the few moments that intervened, and then came the answer, "Nothing, gentlemen."

"Nothing?—then do you plead guilty to the charge?"

"No," came in tones, full, clear and ringing. "No; I declare before Heaven and this assembly that I am guiltless of all that has been alleged against me."

"And yet you bring nothing to rebut."

"I do not; but shall reserve my defence."

"And this is all—this is your final answer?" said the magistrate.

There was something in the young man's air and look and tone, that made it impossible for practised eyes to think him guilty, when he replied—"All."

"Then I have no alternative," said the magistrate: "I must commit you for trial at the next assizes."

Sir Evan's heart was very sad, but not for a moment did he waver in his resolve to sacrifice himself for her dear sake. His face was very pale and sorrowful, as he raised his head and bowed to the magistrate.

"I am prepared," he answered, and a proud dignity came over that pale, sorrowful face. "I am innocent; and the consciousness of that will enable me to bear anything"

"No bail can be taken, Sir Evan," added the magistrate; "you are aware of that."

"I am," was the reply; and then he was removed to the prison, where his days were to be spent ere he would know his fate.

CHAPTER XLII.

WE left Violet, or as she may now be called, Blanche St. Clair, in the dreary solitude of the wide ocean, with no companion or guardian save the man in whom she had rashly trusted. It was a wretched position on that dark, gloomy night, with nothing but sky above, and the wild waters around, and the rough unknown stranger conducting her to an equally unknown fate, but the girl's courage rose with the emergency. Too proud to supplicate, too wise to waste strength and breath in unavailing complaints, she remained silent and quiet in the boat till they reached the vessel, that even in the imperfect light appeared to be a yacht of unusual size, and of handsome and well-appointed fittings.

Blanche having been accustomed to her grandfather's private yacht, had a tolerable idea of what such a vessel should be; and she could see that there were various fittings and appointments that proved it was no mere merchant vessel, even if the gorgeous luxury and splendor which Lord St. Clair had lavished on his own boat were wanting. She stood for some moments on the deck in a strange, dizzy bewilderment; scarcely conscious of what was around her, only aware that there were some figures on deck, and that none of them seemed familiar to her eyes or ears. At last a gentleman advanced toward her, with an air of great respect and courtesy.

"I am delighted to welcome you on board my vessel," he said, courteously.

"But I am at a loss to know on what pretext I am taken from my home, and forcibly brought here," she answered, indignantly.

"That will appear afterwards," he said, smiling. "I can assure you, young lady, that it is solely from a regard for your comfort and safety that these summary measures have been taken; and you shall have no cause to complain of the manner in which you are treated while under my care, you will also find that your own servant has been brought here in expectation of your arrival."

"I am no child, sir, to be either served or even protected against my will," said the girl, angrily; "and I prefer encountering dangers with my eyes open, to the constraint and mystery to which I am subjected here."

"But you are a minor, young lady," said the man, smilingly, "and are therefore liable to the magagement and control of your legitimate guardians."

"I have none," repliedly Blanche, sharply.

"None," he repeated.

"No; none——"

"Who are aware of your existence, you mean," said the man with a smile. "Well, in good time you may enlighten them, but till then I would decidedly advise your remaining passive and perdue."

"And where are we going?" she asked.

"To the fair South," was the reply; "to the land of the beautiful and beloved of old, and where you shall be safe and cared for, till the time comes for your open return to your native land."

Blanche smiled, half scornfully, half sadly.

"You know but little of my real story; that is plain," she said.

"And why?" he asked.

"Simply because your words at once prove it," she replied.

"Oh," said he, "you mean about the 'native' land. Well I may have made a slip there, but you will soon find it was not from want of knowledge of you or yours. I have seen you when you have not seen me."

"I have never seen you before," said the girl, looking at the stranger.

"Never?" said he.

"I am certain," she said, again gazing at him.

"Think once more," he said. "I pledge you my word that your eyes have rested on me, both with and without your knowledge."

Violet fixed her eyes on him once more in the bright, clear moonlight. He was a man of some forty years, or, it might be more, and of a singularly striking appearance. The features were well cut and decided, the eyes brilliant and piercing. There was character in every curve of that handsome face. Blanche looked at him steadily for a few moments, and his lips relaxed into a smile.

"Well," he said, "are you still convinced that you never seen me before? Come down into the cubin; we will not stay talking in the night air. Perhaps you will remember me ere long, for I repeat that you have seen me before, and stood very near to me, too. Come, we will go below."

She hesitated, but her good sense told her that it was useless to resist; so she accepted his guidance down the stairs, that led into a well-furnished and well lighted cabin. There was a rich carpet; well-covered couches ran round the side of the cabin, and one or two easy chairs were firmly fixed to the floor; to one of these he led the nearly exhausted girl.

"Now let me give you some wine. Nay, young lady," he said, as she shook her head, "I know you to be of a bold, brave spirit, and I pledge you my word you shall be respected by all on board this vessel, if you will trust me; but you cannot expect to keep up strength to meet what may await you, for good or ill, if you refuse the refreshment you need. See, I will pledge you in a bumper of the same, to prove to you that I have no design upon you."

He reached from a recess in the end of the cabin a decanter and two large glasses, with some biscuits. He filled both, and drained one himself ere he offered any to his fair charge.

"There," he said, "you cannot doubt me now. Only I pray you for your own sake, do not refuse me."

She was indeed too faint and thankful for the proferred refreshment to contend further. She took the glass in her trembling hand, and drank its contents.

"There, that will do," he said. "You have a little more color now in your cheeks and some light in your eyes. Now you can tell me a little better whether you have any remembrance of having seen me before."

The girl looked again at him in the full light of the lamp.

"I cannot tell," she said; "I cannot tell, and yet some slight, vague memory of a face like yours is in my mind—some association with my earlier days."

"Why, it is some fifteen or sixteen years since your earliest days, young lady," he said, smiling. "But now just look into this mirror, and see whether I might not perhaps have the same blood in my veins as you, though a rough, weather-beaten sailor and a pretty young heiress have not so much in common."

He led her before one of the large mirrors that lined the cabin, and on which the lamp that hung from the centre of the cabin shed its rays.

"There," he said, "what think you of that? Is there no likeness between us?"

Blanche gazed in some confusion and astonishment. The two faces side by side were assuredly a contrast, and yet there were a slight resemblance between them. Violet looked at him attentively, and then at the mirror.

"It is strange," she said, speaking abstractedly, rather to herself than to him.

"You see the likeness, then?" he asked.

"I can see a slight resemblance," she replied. "But why are you so mysterious? I dislike mystery,—it is always akin to suspicion. If you know me, or fancy you have any kindred with me, then tell me frankly, and let the matter be understood between us. Rely on me, I should never disown any relative really belonging to me."

His face softened, and he looked kindly at her.

"Not if that relative were disgraced?" he said; "not if he had been a man of many crimes and vices, if his life had been stained by dishonor, until, in very shame he dropped the name of his forefathers, and took another—not his own? Would you not disown him then?"

"I should be sorry," she replied, "very sorry; but I would not disown him. I would hope for repentance in him, and——"

"What then?" he asked, eagerly.

"I would try to forget that he had sinned."

There was a pause, and then he spoke again.

"You said you disliked mystery," he began,—"and so do I; but sometimes mystery is necessary. "I will tell you as much as I can safely. There is one in this vessel whom I do not trust. She was brought here by mistake; but once here, she must, for your sake, remain. I cannot tell you yet your ultimate destination, because I have sworn never to name it until I place you in better guardianship than mine. How you came here you shall know. It was by a simple tissue of events woven out of the sins of my evil life. I must go back a few years to make you understand me clearly."

Again he paused, walking up and down the cabin once or twice hastily. Then he took a chair and sat down beside her.

"I am not a very young man," he began; "but, to make matters short, and come to the point as speedily as possible, I, some two or three years since, fell in love with and married—a mere girl. I ought to have cherished my child wife, as she deserved to be cherished; but after the first few months of wedded life, I returned to my old habits and bad companions, and neglected her. So matters continued, until at length—about a year or so ago—I left her. She had reproached me for my conduct, angry words ensued, and I swore never to see her again; but, Heaven be thanked, a better mood came to me when I was thousands of miles away. I was sick and ill them,—so ill, that this world seemed fading fast before me, and eternity very, very near. And then I remembered Magdalen—my good, gentle, sorrowing wife."

"Magdalen!" exclaimed Blanche.

"Yes," he replied, "the Magdalen whom you have known, and who has learnt to love you so dearly. But let me continue. I was, as I have said, very ill and supposed to be dying; but I rallied and grew better by degrees, better and better, and as my strength increased, so did my desire to see my dear deserted wife. Oh how my heart reproached me for my conduct to her! I wrote to England, but could learn nothing of her. I wrote to my cousin—Victor Fuller—as great a rascal as exists,—but he, although she was in his house at that time swore he knew nothing of her."

"Why did he do that?" Blanche asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Steel and silver laces appear among new millinery goods.

"WHAT AND HOW."

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play;
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis Willing Hand! or Cheerful Heart,
The two best friends I know;
Around the hearth some Joy and Mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! Come dark—'tis right!
Come cold—'twill warm ere long —
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them Poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare.
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high,
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

"Yes or No."

BY F. L. P.

FOR mercy's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray cease this trifling which is cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject, as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl, to whom Charles Westerly spoke. "There, there, is that grave enough? Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing, with a smile, at the pretty face, puckered up in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, and he resumed, gravely, after a pause, "The time is come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy, I cannot—and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so—it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. At last he stopped abruptly before her, and said, "Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments toward me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you, as you know, better than my life, but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest 'yes' for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act according."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart," cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a curious piece of business, Charley; and you would not succeed either," said Susy.

"I should, and would succeed," said Charles, "as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl."

"But I don't wish, Charley, dear—I love dearly to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"But how do you know I love you?"

"Well, if you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily; "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely-tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling any longer.

"Never, be it then!" he cried; and seizing his hat, he strode angrily from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry alienated that noble, manly heart? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of curiosity, she raised the window sash and leaning forward whispered, "Charley! Charley! you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends?"

As she spoke, she tore a rose from her bosom, and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away, as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the rest of the day in tears. Early the next morning the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her health.

As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for one wished for face, but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following when a sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—startled her. She turned to look round, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the river. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel, but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the fast movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his error fancied that it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed. He rose panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water, but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this his last hope of support, seemed almost to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles, so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsook him. In the meantime the witnesses of the scene after great exertion obeyed Charles's instructions to the letter, and watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings and his insensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment proved successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat, which now rapidly moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over, and falling into a deep quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss Blake desired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," said she without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think——"

"That I am going to die?" said she, anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susy to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you. Would you object, sir, in the presence and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven inspired," cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy; but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely, "But, Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first long, long before you had the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday——"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have is that I am not half good enough for you."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The readers have already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, saved a life, married, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

New Publications.

The most striking things in the March St. Nicholas are Mrs. Oliphant's serial and a paper giving the complete story of "Lady Jane Grey." (To be followed in April by another paper, an article on "Mary Queen of Scots") and the first instalment of two stories of Canadian boys and their "Desperate Encounter with a Polar Bear." "Mary Jane Describes Herself" in a letter to a photographer of a Sunday school scholar; a new scientific in-door amusement called "The Magic Dance," an account of Adelina Patti's childhood, when traveling in the United States in 1854 with Ole Bull and Marion Strakosch; and the four serials—the fourth instalment of Rossiter Johnson's story of "Phaeton Rogers" in which is described that young inventor's disastrous "horizontal balloon-ascension;" De Cresswald's stirring "Adventures in Nature's Wonderland;" Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's second paper of "Girls of Art and Artists," with six pictures; and the conclusion of "The Mystery of a Mansion: a Story of an S. S." There are more than fifty illustrations, a page of music, and an Anglo-Chinese story for the boys and girls to interpret. Scribner & Co., publishers, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for March, as usual, is all that excellence can make it. Among its contents are: "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald; "The Problem of Municipal Reform," by [illegible], Corporation Lawyer of the New York Bar; "Pleasure," by Henry de Varigny; "A Piece of Coal," by R. S. Calvin (illustrated), "Darwin opponent of Political Institutions," by Herbert Spencer; "Political Forms and Forces;" "Dying Barbarism" by Carl Vogt; "The Legal Position of Married Women," by Miss Anna Garlin Spencer; "Rock-Weathering," as illustrated in [illegible], by Prof. [illegible]; "Sketch of [illegible]," with portrait; "Education as an Educator" by H. H. Wilson; "The Morals of Luxury" by Count de Laveleye; "Mind as a Measure of Nature," by Charles T. Haviland; "Sketch of Professor Benjamin Pierce, (with portrait), Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany (to which Table is [illegible] and all desiring to know the results of to-day should consult it). Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

One of the best assortment of publications is the [illegible] News published by Robert A. [illegible], New York. Every number contains articles [illegible] full of entertaining or instructive matter, and will be found a useful aid. Ornamental work, poetry, wax, wax and objects of interest and artistic art are [illegible] known. This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, and we can most recommend the [illegible] to our readers. Mott & Co. 37 Park Row, New York. $3 a year, and sent by all newsdealers.

La Francia is the title of a new monthly review published by J. Levy, at Cambridge, Mass. For those interested in French literature it is extremely interesting, the selections and matter generally being marked by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

"BILLY JONES."

BY PIPKIN.

IT was a time when that dread disease cholera was prevalent, and people were sick and dying by scores. The good doctor of the little village was kept going from morning till late at night with little or no rest

His patients were mostly among the poor. And on one of his rounds (at this time the pestilence was abating,) the antics of a dog—a large sized terrier—had induced him to enter an apparently deserted house Here he found a man in the last stages of the plague. By care, however, he recovered under the hands of the physician.

When he was able to sit up and be about, he told the good doctor his circumstances All he had was "Billy"—Billy Jones—the terrier which he loved like a child Still, would the doctor take him in payment of his services?

The physician refused, and even gave the patient, who was a bargeman on the river, a trifle to help him on his way; but one day, shortly after, the animal entered the doctor's garden with something around his neck.

The doctor opened it. Inside was a sheet of note-paper, upon which was scrawled the following:

"Sir —I hows my life to you, so I gives you my Bill, a dowgs as ull do creddit to hany one. Yours to obay,

"Sam Fludgetts"

The doctor felt sorry. But he stooped and patted the dog, who followed him into the dining room gravely, without demonstration. He seemed to know how he came to be there. But he was a changed dog There was an apathy, a settled indifference about him which seemed to inspire the other animals about with awe.

He allowed himself to be patted by the doctor's wife and condescended to lap from the blue-china dish with the lump of sulphur in it kept under the sideboard for the little deaf Skye terrier Snap. But these amenities over, he walked to the threshold, and stood looking at the doctor. When his new master followed him to see what he would do he turned in with an air of relief till he came to the stable. Then he lay down in the sunshine before the stable door, and fell asleep. From that day neither coaxing or threats could induce him to come indoors.

He sternly refused to have anything to do with women, children and their surrounding. He would follow the doctor when he was out of doors, would accompany him on his tours of inspection round the garden or into the fields of potatoes carrots, and lucerne; but when the doctor went in-doors he betook himself to the stable

The doctor's residence, a white house, which had been added to and altered on to define its shape was a puzzle, almost as much a home for animals as for human beings. A parrot screamed from its wire cage hung against the tall fir-tree in the "front garden," as you unlatched the gate Cats lay basking in the sun before the front door, as you knocked or rang, toy dogs scampered out and barked at you. Canaries and goldfinches tried to deafen you in the parlors, doves cooed and fluttered from their cages in the corridor leading to the kitchens Outside, flocks of pigeons haunted the yard leading to the stables; jackdaws hopped about, and fought with Baby, the magpie, a mischievous bird, who was an epicure in her way, and most particular about the food she condescended to eat A monkey swung upon his chain, and practised gymnastics up and down the long pole at the top of which was perched his house. And there was always either a spaniel or a Skye trying to find pastime in the stable yard where Billy lived his self contained life.

When the doctor's grandchildren, a little boy and his sister, arrived with their nurse to spend the summer months in the country as usual, the animals, who seemed to look upon them as part of themselves, and recollected them from year to year, made a great fuss. Billy Jones sniffed at them and walked away, looking contemptuously on at what he doubtless considered a lowering exhibition on the part of his companions

The little boy followed him to pat and to try and conciliate him, but Billy retreated to a corner of the harness room, where he crouched among the brushes and bottles kept there, and was not to be coaxed out.

"The dog is disagreeable," said the little boy to Joseph the groom

"He is a character, he is. He's a strange one," was the groom's opinion Just because Billy disdained them, the children set their minds on his joining them on their walks, and Joseph once humored them by whistling to Billy pretending to accompany them and walking away when Billy's head was turned. But as soon as the dog looked round and saw his male friend was gone, he started off, and was never taken in by such a "ruse" again.

For this unappreciative conduct the naughty boy vowed revenge. One day he heard a peculiarity of Billy's discussed He would allow no one to touch his tail.

The first time the boy was left alone in the yard he walked up cautiously to the sleeping Billy, and pulled his tail. A bound, a snort, and Billy's white teeth nearly met through the child's ankle He hopped about in rage and pain, while Billy retreated in dismay; for he was well aware that the child belonged to the house, and was therefore his charge; so for days he kept away and moped.

Whether he felt grateful to his little enemy for not telling his grandpapa of what he had done—for the boy kept his mishap to himself—or whether during his retirement he made a resolution never to be betrayed into such conduct again, is only to be guessed at.

"I'll pull your tail for you," was the vindictive determination of the bitten boy, when he was hopping about holding the injured ankle "I'll pull it every time I see you, you spiteful thing, and you shan't bite me!"

He watched to find Billy asleep and alone, in a spot where his immediate flight after the attack would be easy. Then he chose an opportune moment, and gave his tail a tug violent enough to injure so sensitive a member.

To his astonishment Billy remained motionless. He only moaned

Next day the boy repeated the process, with a like result, and to pull Billy's tail and see his sides heave and hear him sigh became a daily amusement. It was of no use for Billy to beat a retreat when he expected his enemy. Emboldened by success, the boy tracked him to the innermost recesses of the harness room, or under the mangers of the horses, who knew him, and always kept all their legs motionless when they felt the child creeping about them.

But one day Billy turned round with such a human whining moan that the natural cruelty of the boy was disarmed, especially when the dog put his fore paws on his waist, and actually looked him in the face with his own poor black eyes full of tears. The human being was shamed by the animal, and never more did the boy—thus strangely conquered—tease or annoy an inferior

The animals—the little white Skye, Snap the cat, even the monkey—treated Billy with respect. No doubt they thought all the more of him because they could not understand him. Baby, the mischievous magpie, went indeed further than this—she showed in all her doings that she loved him

But the dog never looked at her

Billy was always to the fore when there was a question of danger. The doctor's gig never went out at night without Billy; and he inspired such trust that on chilly nights Joseph would take refuge inside any house where the inmates had summoned the doctor, knowing the carriage and horse were perfectly safe so long as Billy was there.

One summer night the doctor was at a dinner party. He had ordered the gig to fetch him, accordingly, at a reasonable hour Joseph, with the gig, and accompanied by Billy presented himself at the front door of the country mansion

The orders were given to "wait a quarter of an hour," and the man servant who brought it suggested that Joseph should "come in and have a bit of something to eat." Joseph acceded, for Billy was there. He could safely trust the horse and chaise to him

But the horse was a young grey one, a recent purchase. Billy sat on the drive in front of him, watching his impatient pawing of the gravel, and the quivering of his ears at the slightest sound Presently a peal of laughter echoed in the lighted dining room close to the porch where the horse and gig were waiting, and in a moment the grey had reared, turned, and bolted.

Billy tore after the flying chaise The grey made for the road leading to the garrison of a river hamlet which is a large gunpowder and military station He flew up hill through the avenue till he reached the garrison gates, where he stopped short, quivering in every limb

Billy, breathless, scrambled up, and seized the reins with his teeth. The man at the lodge who had come out, saw a dog squatting on the floor of the gig, growling when any one approached.

In spite of the protestations of the hour—it was close upon midnight—a little crowd collected in the moonlight. The doctor's gig was well known, and the general fear was that there had been an accident. Men ran down the road, meeting the scared Joseph running up. When he appeared, Billy, who had snarled threateningly at any one venturing to approach the gig, sprang down, and gave up his charge in evident relief

The doctor was delighted with him, and Billy became a "character" in the neighborhood.

But he came to a tragic end. The doctor was to stay in town, whither he drove, with his grandchildren, and Joseph and the dogs were to follow by steamboat.

How it exactly happened no one knew, but when Billy was following Joseph up on to the saddle box of the boat something fell and struck his head He fell overboard

The steamboat was stopped, and a boat lowered. But it was some minutes before Billy's body rose up to the surface, and by this time the poor animal was dead.

"It's no use to carry a dead dog to town," said the disconsolate Joseph. And then by some means the body of Billy Jones seemed to float away down stream in search of the old home and the old master he had loved, but whom he had been bound by obedience not to rejoin in life.

BOBBIE'S MISTAKES.

BY MAUD MUSGRAVE

THERE lived once a little boy who thought he knew everything When any one told him what he was to do, he never waited to hear all they had to say, but thought he knew better than they could tell him.

This little boy's mother was very poor; so she was very glad to let him go and be a little page to a gentleman.

"Now, Bobbie," the gentleman said, on the first day, "you are but a shabby little boy. Run to my tailor, and tell him to give you a new coat."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," Bobbie replied, and off he ran without waiting for any further instructions

After a while he came running back, with a fine new coat all gay with buttons hanging over his arm.

"You went off too fast," said his master. "I meant to tell you to put the coat on, and come home in it, for see how ragged you are."

"Very sorry, sir," said Bob; "I'll do it next time."

"Go to the saddler, and fetch the horse cloth," said his master, next day.

Bobbie flew off, and being very anxious to please his master, wrapped the horse-cloth all around him and ran home, a crowd of people starting after him and calling him names, until he got into his master's door

The gentleman was quite angry. "You foolish boy!" he said, "bringing a lot of noisy people round my house! Why didn't you have it packed up?"

"You told me to put it on," sobbed Bobbie, in great grief.

"That was the coat," said his master. "In future have anything you fetch put in a parcel unless ——"

Yes, sir, said Bobbie, and away he went to clean the boots.

"Fetch some butter for breakfast as fast as you can," said the cook the next morning. "Take a——"

Bobbie started off at a good pace. "Make it into a parcel," he said to the man. The man stared, but Bobbie said again, "Make it into a parcel"

Bobbie took it in his hand. The weather was very hot, but he ran hard. When he got home a thick yellow stream was running down his coat.

Didn't the cook scold! and when his master saw the spoiled coat, he told him if he was ever so silly again he must send him away.

"Go to the fruiterer, and fetch the peaches," said cook, who was in a hurry today. "You should have it put on a nice cool plate, and make the man put it down nice and smooth. But the peaches must ——"

"All right," cried Bobbie, and away he went

"Put them on a plate," he said to the man "Now give them a few good pats."

The man stared.

"Go on," cried Bobbie; "cook said you were to give them some hard pats."

"She wants them for jelly," thought the man, and patted them till all the plate was full of juice and pulp.

Bob came home in triumph, but his face fell when he saw cook's anger.

"Oh, you bad boy!" cried his master "Have everything put into a basket, and carry it home like that."

A few days after Bobbie was sent to the station, to fetch a little dog that some one had given to his master.

He borrowed a basket, popped the dog in and started off. But the little thing was so lively, after having been shut up so long, that he kept on trying to jump out, and Bobbie had held it down with all his might.

When he got home the dog was nearly dead. He had held it so tightly that he had almost strangled it.

Then the gentleman was very angry, but he hadn't time to say much, for Bobbie was wanted to go and fetch a goose for dinner. But he called after him, "Why didn't you put a string round its neck, and lead it home behind you?"

Bobbie caught some of the words as he darted off. He got the goose all ready for roasting. Then he tied a long piece of string round its neck, and dragged it home behind him

When he got home it was all over mud and bruises, and had to be given to the cat, and his master could endure it no longer. So he gave Bobbie a beating and afterwards sent him home

---

WOMEN WORKERS.—The women workers of Paris, no matter how menial their labor, are scrupulously clean. Two-fifths of their number wear caps, and one rarely sees a dirty one. See them helping to sweep the streets with big, heavy brooms made of twigs Other women, hard looking but tidy, are seen waiting about for someone to hire them. One woman sets down a heavy basket of bread and takes a loaf into a grocer's; another has a great load in her apron whose ends are tied over one shoulder In her hands are three of those long slender loaves that are cut up at the restaurants The loaves are about two yards long, looking like poles or staves. She wears no bonnet and to rest herself she sets the end of the loaves down on the pavement. We once saw a woman fast asleep behind the little box on which she cleaned shoes. Women walk the streets and knit. At many of the restaurants are women waiters dressed in black, with white caps and handkerchiefs In yonder street is a woman frying potatoes very nicely. She has a stove where she burns coke. She sells her potatoes for one penny or even a halfpenny, and she sells a good many at breakfast and dinner time. She has a cubby hole or recess in the house front, and pays five cents a day rent. Hundreds of women push handcarts through the streets. Here is one loaded with flowers, there another with meat and fish. In the corner of a courtyard sits a woman carding wool for mattresses. They open the matress, card the wool, and put it into a clean cover. At the grocer's one is waited on by a woman; at the tobacconist's, and at the druggist's Mrs. Madame officiates, crocheting in her leisure hours. And so it is all over Paris.

UNCOMMON FOOD.—Both horse and ass are eaten as food in France and Germany. Those who have traveled in South America describe the meat of the spider monkey as fine-flavored. It resembles beef, but has a richer and sweeter taste. The predilection for dog eating is by no means confined to the Chinese; the Esquimaux amongst others, vastly enjoy this food when the animals are young. The Malabar coolies are very fond of the "coffee rats," which they fry in oil or convert into curry. The pig rat is in similar favor. It retains a weight of two or three pounds and grows to nearly the length of two feet. Rat pies are eaten in various parts of England; rat suppers used to be given periodically at an inn near Nottingham. The porcupine is esteemed a delicacy in Ceylon, and in flavor much resembles a young pig. In Siam the flesh of the crocodile is exposed for sale in the markets. Alligators are sometimes eaten by the natives of South America, Africa, and South Australia. Elephants' hearts are very tender and good. The feet, baked in a large hole between bricks, are very gluttinous and not unlike brawn. Partiality for raw food seems to prevail in many countries. Raw fish, thinly sliced, forms one of the delicacies of a Chinese banquet. A species of salmon, unknown in Europe, called in Siberia the nelma, is esteemed more delicious in its raw state than when cooked, and is eaten to provoke an appetite. The Arabs eat locusts, and the Greeks eat grasshoppers. The Hottentots eat ants; bees are eaten in Ceylon, and cheese mites are eaten by the English and Americans.

A story is told of a young man who called on a young lady for the first time Sunday evening. After an hour or two of pleasant conversation, the "man of the house" entered the room where the young people were sitting He was introduced to the young man, and, after a few remarks upon the weather, etc., left the room and retired for the night. Nine o'clock came and the caller, saying "Good night," left for his home. The next morning, on passing the house, the young man had occasion to speak with the young lady, and, when about to resume his down town journey, met the "man of the house" coming in at the gate. "Well young man, you held on pretty long," said the old gentleman, and the poor young man without stopping to explain, went his way, puzzled whether to commit suicide or go a fishing.

The steward of a lately wrecked bark, owed his life to the captain's retriever, which retrieved in good earnest. Unable to swim, the steward, on coming to the surface, tried to grasp a piece of the wreck for support, but sank in the effort. The dog was trying to keep on a piece of the wreck, but, seeing the steward go down, dived after him and dragged him to the surface, out of the wreckage. Then the dog let go his hold, and, swimming ahead, thrust his tail into the steward's face, who seized it, and was towed to a reef.

Cheap out-of-door Breakfast.—A roll on the grass.

WHERE WALTEST THOU?

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Where waltest thou?
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not:
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot;
I look'd for thee ere now!

It is the May!
And each sweet sister soul has found its brother;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Thou art as I,—
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee;
We cannot live apart: must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so;
That time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God hath portion'd out our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet!
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark days of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger sweet!

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet brooding gloom.
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room;
And so, dear one, good night.

CHARMS AND WITCHES.

IN many parts of this country to-day there are people who make a practice of charms and witchcraft. They are usually women more or less old, and though their systems differ in some things, they are mostly the same. One of the most common charms is "pow-wowing," which consists of a simple breathing upon a wound or sore; a blowing over it, as it were, accompanied by a gentle touch, a wave of the hand, and a silent prayer. The conditions for operating are implicit faith in the mode of treatment, a perfect surrender of all thought antagonistic to the operator, and a serious promise to follow out all directions that may be given. Radical cures are then promised, and, strange as it may appear, this class of "wonder workers" have favorable reputations for having helped many sufferers to absolute health.

By far the most interesting feature of this class of healing art is that part which pretends to work magic spells, curses, conjurations, and bad luck generally on enemies and objects of hate. Persons in need of black art aid of this kind travel for miles to the witch who has the best reputation. She generally lives alone with her cats, her herbs, her cards, and her "mysterious book." Not far from this city lived an old woman who, five years ago, had a score of men hunting gold at midnight. The men were reputable men, and so great was their confidence in the old soothsayer's story of gold that they followed her directions with great care, and spent night after night of laborious work in seeking for the supposed hidden treasure, but which never was found.

Men and women come from near and far on every sort of mission to these people. To a large circle of persons no physician in the land can render such effective service. Husbands take their wives, and fathers their children, to have them operate on them for any ailment to which human flesh is heir. If a child is demented, blind, dwarfed, or in any way unnaturally afflicted, it is taken for treatment. If a farmer has his horse stolen he consults the old woman, and implores her aid in recovering his lost property. She will undertake to help him every time. If an incendiary fire takes place, one is consulted. If there is trouble among the stock of any farmer, she will help him out. Should any farmer have bad luck with his crops or his cattle, he will seek the wonder-worker's advice, and liberally pay for all told him.

To catch a horse thief and recover the stolen animal, it is necessary to search the animal's stall, find three hairs, cut them of equal length, knot them in the middle, and burn them, lighting both ends at the same time. The hairs are to be burned on a shovel at sunset near the stable, and whichever way the two stubs point as they burn is the direction the thief took. The stub ends are then to be buried in the barnyard where the sun shines. There is a little more nonsense of this kind which constitutes the recipe for recovering a stolen horse.

To make a dry cow productive, to clarify milk, to increase crops, to prevent strokes by lightning, to keep off incendiaries, witches, evil spirits, plagues, spooks, and other bad luck, charms of a similar character are advised, but all are different. To name the many absurd details of these so-called charms it would be necessary to print the contents of an entire book such as these old women use. They are seldom, if ever, brought to the light of day, and very few persons ever see them. These "pow-wow" books are regarded as sacred things by the owners of them, and are stored away in secret and dark places and are only read near midnight.

Those who desire the aid of these old women in the performance of evil work must be well acquainted, and must possess her confidence. What transpires at the interviews is a dead secret. An old woman hears "the wish" of her customer, receives her fee, and her visitor departs. The old woman has assured the visitor that all will be well. She does nothing in his presence by which she can be brought into trouble, yet no particulars of the visit must ever be revealed. Bad luck for her is the penalty for any breach of faith. What cries, incantations, spells, conjurations, boils, or stews she may afterward go through with is all done at midnight when no one is about. If a neighbor's babe is to be stunted in growth, if a rival's beauty is to fade away forever, if the business of a competing merchant is to be broken up, if a water power is to fail or a spring to run dry, if bad luck is to take any shape and be visited on any object of wrath or hate, the old woman's aid is invoked in all sincerity, with the absolute belief that the desired object will be attained.

To secure jealousy is one of the chief objects of many visitors, and to effect this brings into play a number of unique but most absurd practices. To separate man and wife, the hair of a woman opposite in color and complexion must first be obtained. If the wife has dark hair, light hair must be secured, but never red hair. To work a charm on any unfortunate and doomed couple, it must first be learned which of the two was born nearest running water. That person must be operated upon. Something that such person have worn some time must be secured and burned. The hair must be held in the smoke and then buried under the eaves of the house. The name of the person operated on is then written on a piece of paper and buried anywhere in a shadow cast by the moon. This absurd charm is supposed to have sufficient power to separate man and wife.

There are several charms intended for young lovers who have had quarrels and who desire to make up their differences; for the lass who wants to know whether her laddie is sincere; for the jealous girl, envious of a friend; for the anxious lover doubting his sweetheart and desiring to make her love more binding, and for the jealous young beau whose suit has not met with favor. The witch women have a supreme contempt for love powder or love philter or love potion. They absolutely detest and ridicule any such method of controlling or securing the coveted love of men or women. Their chief reliance is the potency of the witch hazel. With its branches and its blossoms much power is said to be wielded. The lass in love carries its leaves in her bosom, and she dreams with them under her pillow. The powdered bark of the hazel, its blossoms, sap, and root, all are employed for special and separate purposes.

Whatever practices are resorted to for the purposes of destroying beauty, withering forms, stunting growth, weakening intellect, or bringing about mental or physical disaster, are never revealed. That efforts are made to operate in this line of business is absolutely true. It is a common thing in various sections of the country to hear persons speaking of friends or acquaintances as being bewitched; and invariably with such complaint as couples the name of one or the other of the witch women. It is generally conceded, on the other hand, that they do a great deal of good in aiding the sick, which fact goes far to protect them from prosecution.

Grains of Gold.

Our taste declines with our merit.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others.

How very poor are they who have not patience.

It is time to appreciate all things at their true value.

The wrongs we inflict upon others follow us like a shadow.

We cannot always oblige, but one can always speak obligingly.

Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing.

The charities that soothe, heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Be brief, for it is as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

If you would be capable cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, cultivate your heart.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but too many in this world act as if it was the only one.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

No man has ever yet reached to perfection; but no man has ever been rendered any the worse by striving after it.

Use and assert your own reason, reflect, examine and analyze every thing, in order to form a sound and mature judgment.

The excessive pleasure we find in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy merely because he has enough to eat.

Never adopt the notions of any books you may read, nor of any company you may keep, without examining whether they are just or not.

The Stars—The Alphabet of Omnipotence. The Flowers—The Language of Angels. The Birds—The Singers of God's own music.

The man who lives as he ought to live is sure to die as he ought to die. Whether his death be instantaneous, or the close of a long decline.

What a folly to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal.

Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can; never by halves but finish it without interruption, if such a thing is possible.

A famous English moralist says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill when we appear to be well.

No better cosmetics than temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; no true beauty is without the signatures of these graces in the very countenance.

Every man seeks for truth, but God only knows who has found it. It is unjust to persecute, and absurd to ridicule people for their several opinions, which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open the gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences which would make a wise man tremble to think of.

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and, though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

Femininities.

Bottle green is very fashionable.

Shirred chemisettes are coming in vogue.

Pockets are rarely seen on dresses at present.

Beauty may win love, but only neatness can keep it.

Feather and flower capes or fichus are worn in Paris.

A girl with $50 000 has a very good figure if she isn't handsome.

"The right man in the right place"—A husband at home in the evening.

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

London women have their horses' heads decorated with sprays of artificial flowers.

The father, and not the husband, of a Russian woman has supreme authority over her.

Plump girls are said to be going out of fashion. If this is true the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances.

A bashful lover never covets death with more covetousness than when his best girl asks him to hold her baby sister.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must reassume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed to feign its ignorance.

I used to think that women prefer those whom they think handsome. Error. They prefer those who think them handsome.

A Vermont lady has lost her reputation for veracity by saying that she heard a lady, not present, well spoken of at a sewing society.

A chivalrous exchange thinks when a man marries a widow he should give up smoking. "She gives up her weeds"—he should be equally polite.

Men are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may by some possibility possess a grain of common sense.

Observing little brother's remark before a room full of company: "I know what made that red mark on Mary's nose; it was the rim of John Parker's hat!"

"You are an idiot!" angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. "So my friends said when I married you," replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

Mrs Spaggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were all stained. "That's too bad, but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.

The heart of a man weighs about nine ounces—that of a woman eight. This explains why it is that a man who has given his heart to a woman and received hers in return feels so lighthearted.

All things are comparative. To a nervous woman the problem of how to get a caterpillar off her new bonnet is a matter of greater moment than the passage of the Rubicon was to Cæsar.

Servant looks into the breakfast room: "Please ma'am, there's a beggar in the kitchen wants something to eat." Mistress: "Give her the water in which the eggs were boiled, Bridget; it is very nutritious!"

A murderess in jail in Ohio got out of her cell and was met in the corridor by the sheriff's wife. A desperate encounter between the women resulted in the securing of the prisoner and the fatal injury of her captor.

A distinguished writer says: "There is but one place in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Somebody observed in the presence of a woman hater that it was a curious fact that girls never learn to play marbles. "Nothing curious about it," he interposed; "the sex, even at that age, are too stuck up to knuckle down."

It is funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man, with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

From the piety, gentleness and forbearance of women spring most of the Christian virtues that adorn society; and from the tenderness and compassion stamped on their hearts arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life.

A prominent lady writes: "I once asked a dentist whether gentlemen or ladies gave him most trouble, and he replied: "O, gentlemen, beyond question. Women scream a little, but are always ready to thank me for what I do for them. Men moan and groan and abuse me."

Wide mouths have come into fashion for women. The fashionable belle has cut the puckering cord of her mouth, and no longer murmurs "Prunes, prunes, prunes." She can kiss two men simultaneously and give good satisfaction, where before only one could find room at a time.

Queen Isabella still continues to show her love for fine clothes. Her latest appearance was in a gown of white satin, with a whole rose bush painted on the front breadth and roses scattered here and there on the train. In this array she sat and watched four ladies and gentlemen dance a minuet.

She was just married, and she said: "I consider a cook who can make an omelette a good cook." My dear, if you keep to that standard you will never be satisfied. Come down to boiling potatoes, and then, if the fates are kind to you, by the time you are nursing your second baby you will have caught your ideal.

A California woman, about three months ago, was divorced from her husband, and at once married another man with whom she had been flirting a long time. The honeymoon was of short duration. Having no money or friends, at the end of a few weeks they each took a dose of poison together. The man died; the woman took an overdose and recovered. Her former husband heard of her trouble and made the widow an offer of marriage, which she accepted; a minister was called in, and she has gone to her old home to be once more the mother of their children.

News Notes.

California excursionists go over into Nevada to see it snow.

40 000 barrels of ashes accumulate in New York City every day.

Idle fingers are given a new kind of fancy work—split straw work.

Virginia has just had the first bigamy case ever known in that State.

Fresh air is absolutely necessary to the formation of a fine complexion.

Montana boasts of a geyser that sends up a volume of hot water 100 feet high.

"Heathenism in the Church," was the topic of a sermon in New York last Sunday.

Professor Proctor believes that with a good telescope one may see about 100,000,000 stars.

A double ripper is what they call a New England sled that will hold thirty-two persons.

In Italy every voter must be twenty-five years old, able to read and write, and pay taxes.

It is reported that during a recent blizzard in Colorado 2,000 sheep drifted thirty-five miles.

A prisoner in Omaha, while being taken to jail, stole the policeman's watch from his pocket.

Mississippi is the only State in the Union that did not add to its railway mileage in 1880.

Even so hideous an object as the Texan tarantula is now imitated for a millinery ornament.

There are 3 856 Roman Catholic churches and 5 010 Roman Catholic priests in the United States.

Food is so much more plentiful than fuel in Iowa, that they find it cheaper to burn corn than coal.

Cut steel in arrows and fern leaves is considered to be among the prettiest of the new decorations.

Boucicault talks of organising a dramatic company composed of the children of celebrated actors.

The Librarian of Congress now owns George Washington's Bible. It is in three folio volumes.

"One Lung" is the consumptive-reminding name of a Chinese laundryman on a Brooklyn street.

The gum on some letter envelopes is said to have seriously poisoned a physician in New York a few days ago.

It is estimated that the postal card has decreased the sale of writing paper $12,000,000 annually in the United States.

Sweet scented violets and cream are now served as an ordinary course at some of the tables of the elite of New York City.

Every shell fired by an army during siege operations costs, with the powder with which the mortar is charged, the sum of eight dollars.

The hair of a St. Louis merchant, who took a vow not to cut it off until he had accumulated $5 000, already hangs below his coat collar.

A New York jury has decided that a man has a right to sit in his church-pew with his feet elevated on the back of the seat in front of him.

The School Board of an Ohio city has prohibited the use of the skipping-rope by the girl pupils, on the ground that it is injurious to their health.

In Dakota the winter has been so long and severe that fuel is exhausted, and people have been chopping up fences, railroad ties, and telegraph poles.

In Arizona towns the sheriff orders suspicious-looking strangers to leave town before sunset, under penalty of arrest. This plan of prevention works well.

During the reign of Napoleon I a book of birds for children was suppressed because it contained the phrase: "The cock is rather the tyrant than the chieftain of the farmyard."

An Indiana man, who was shot in the breast with a pistol in 1877, has just had it removed from the lobe of his left ear, to which position it had worked itself during the past four years.

A German citizen of Illinois still wears the coat which clothed him when he landed in this city in 1837. It was his Sunday garment in Germany many years before he came to America.

A gentleman in Virginia has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but, instead of killing it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together, like cat and kitten.

A worthy member of a Canada church, who objected to the innovation of a new organ in the edifice, obtained access to the organ-loft a few days ago and poured hot glue into the instrument in such a manner as to effectually ruin it.

The late Empress of Russia had a fancy for collecting prayer books, and had a great many of them at her death. The Czar has distributed them amongst the various regiments at St Petersburg to be preserved in glass cases in the regimental libraries.

A Chinese pedestrian ran a sprit race against an Irishman in California several days ago and his countrymen, who lost a pot of money on him, believed that his defeat was due to the loss of a stick about four inches long, which had been inserted bet een his jaws to enable him to catch his breath as he ran.

SO INSIDIOUS ARE THE FIRST APPROACHES of Consumption, that thousands remain unconscious of its presence until it has brought them to the verge of the grave. An immediate resort to Dr. D Jayne's Expectorant, upon the first appearance of Cough, Pain or Soreness of the Throat or Chest, would very generally preclude a fatal result, or, in case the symptoms indicate the presence of Latent Consumption, would tend to subdue the violence of the disease, and thus materially assist in prolonging the life of the patient. Use the Expectorant, therefore, when you take a Cold, and by so doing, prevent the necessity for its use in more dangerous complaints.

AN IDYL.

I know a spot
  Where she I love oft spends her lonely hours,
All spangled over with forget-me-not
  And other flowers.

See! this and that
  Upon my brow, all bumps that have been made
Of late; the frequent and ferocious gnat
  Infests the shade.

A quiet nook—
  Save for one little silver ring of sound,
The baby chatter of a tiny brook,
  All's silence around.

With hopping gait
  The lively frog provokes a female scream,
I hurry to the rescue, but too late;
  He passeth as a dream.

Bend, branches, bend,
  Entwine in leafy canopy above,
Let not a single rain-drop e'er descend
  Upon my love.

This really is
  Inf—slightly damp, love! dost not find it so?
And I am subject unto rheumatix—
  I think we'll go.

—D. K. W.

The World of Humor.

A kiss—The elixir of tulips.

What train is always behin'? A lady's.

A firm foundation—Establishing a partner ship.

The railroad flagman does a flourishing business.

No doubt, waggin grease is good for a dog's tail.

Thrashing machines on trial—Wife beaters in court.

The schoolmaster who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.

When a man hasn't a red he gets blue. And things look black.

The soap-maker's watchword—"While there's lye there's soap."

When a cobbler beats his wife, he does it with shoemaker's whacks.

How can a man live beyond his means, when he means to get all he can?

Which is the left side of a round plum pudding? That which is not eaten.

"I paws for a reply," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

Thermometers reform late in life; they never become "temperate" until nearly 60.

There is a fe low in Illinois so dirty that the assessors have put him down as "real estate."

If handwriting is indicative of character, some reputed good men have very bad characters.

The "watch dog's honest bark" may be all right, but it is the quiet dog that puts in the bite.

A man who always is hunted by the sheriff may be "chased" although not always virtuous.

Why is the coffee bean like the site of a saloon? Because it is ground for drinking purposes.

We have seen the mother of Pearl! But who was her father? Probably an austere character.

$25 in D ctor's visits will do you less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters. Read advertisement.

It was a Connecticut minister whose salary was twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he caught.

You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach distinction. Still, you can shut the door.

Subject of debate for an Arkansas Agricultural society: "Was Samson as strong as a bunch of red onions?"

Tying a mackerel to your coat-tail, and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.

A Michigan man has had six wives, all of whom were negresses. He preferred wives of that race. He was of that race himself.

An exchange speaks of a Chicago man who "has one foot in the grave." Presume it's all they could get in without enlarging the cemetery.

The following sentence, "John quickly extemporized five tow bags," contains all the letters of the alphabet, and only four of them are used more than once.

"Take back the love thou gav'st me," she sang. It was a love of a bonnet, but didn't match her complexion, and she wanted him to exchange it for one that did.

The finger rings of this country are worth $57,000,000, and are of no earthly account to the wearers. Just think how many cigar stores could be opened on that much wealth.

Georgie (four years old, at the tea table): "Mamma, may I have some sardines?" Mamma: "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie." Georgie (surprised): "Why, ma, it's me as want's 'em."

When is increasing age in a thermometer most disagreeable? In the winter; because in summer we can stand it over sixty-five, but in winter, when it's only four or five, it is disagreeable.

Little Lottie to her friend: "I have so many cares. Yesterday a baby sister arrived, and papa is away on a journey. It was but a piece of luck that mamma was home to take care of it."

A recent writer has said that many people regard religion very much as they regard snailbox. They desire to have it as light as possible, and are very careful that it does not mark them.

An illustrated paper returns thanks to the different railway companies saying, in its great candor, "We really don't know what we should do for illustrations if it wasn't for the railway accidents."

When a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.

A photographer recently acted as master of ceremonies at a friend's funeral, and as he lifted the coffin-lid for the mourners to look at the remains, whispered to the corpse, "Now look natural." Force of habit.

The irreverance and flippancy of the American press leap all bounds. A man and a woman were hung a few days since in Kentucky; and a Louis ille paper headed its report of the execution, "The Necks Twirled."

A Western editor thus sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary: "He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to eat one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to a poor apprentice boy."

The trouble about taking a medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what it wanted of it, and in that case it will go footing around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you have not got.

X, arriving from Naples, is questioned by a friend: "Had you no adventure in Italy?" "No." "No brigands?" "I turned them all to flight." "How so?" "Why, if I saw an ill-looking individual I went and begged charity of him."

A railroad engineer, saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

There are mean men in the world. The landlady of a young man has looked through the keyhole of his door over four hundred times without ever seeing him drinking or doing anything he ought not to do. He is a terribly aggravating person to board.

Some editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. Suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?

"I don't think a majority of the members of church choirs ever get to heaven," observed an old lady who was accustomed to construe her Bible very literally. This opinion very naturally occasioned some surprise, and she was asked why she thought so. "Because," said she, "all angels are required to sing, and that's something most members of church choirs can't do."

The Growth of Homœopathy

"There is more Homœopathy in the United States," recently said an eminent physician, "than in any other country in the world. This is largely owing to the fact that it has been popularized—placed within reach of the people." Those who have studied the growth of Homœopathy as a system of medication will agree with this view of the matter. If any further proof was needed, it would only be necessary to visit the large establishment, No. 109 Fulton Street, New York, where is situated Dr. Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Company, and where his pharmaceutical preparations and specifics are made. We doubt if a similar establishment can be found in the world, for it should be recollected that Dr. F. Humphreys was the author of the system of Homœopathic Specifics. Many years ago he wisely came to the conclusion that if a Homœopathic Physician could, as a rule, prescribe two or more medicines for any given complaint, no good reason existed why he should not combine these medicines in one prescription, and thus produce a Specific. In other words, Dr. Humphreys puts up physicians' prescriptions and offers them to the public in such a form that any man or woman can treat themselves. This is the true solution of the Specifics now known all through the land, and sought after by civilized people in all parts of the world.

The SPECIFIC MANUAL issued by the Doctor, containing 144 pages, is sent free to any address on application.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Standard Silver Co. They make a very liberal offer. The articles they offer are beautiful, and well worth what is asked for them.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wainwold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wainwold, 49 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

For Neuralgia, Pains and Aches in the Back, Kidneys or Limbs—Hop Bitters.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interspersed with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal*.——"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts*.——"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic*.——"A great achievement."—*Land and Water*.——"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science*.——"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times*.——"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gems will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent Gems are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A Rose, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of Snake and Kamross, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $5.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $3 each. NO WORDS FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT THIS CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers deserve more attention than the many tempting promises of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. **We don't sell Diamante Brilliants! we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for, The Post.**

TERMS:—The Post, one year, and your choice of the Premiums, as a sample, to any address in the United States on receipt of $2 and fifteen 2-cent stamps prior to April 30, 1881. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly.* THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. ☞ All premiums will be withdrawn May 1st, 1881.—Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, making the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once it may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer, but induce your friends to use Hop B

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TRY LIFE PRESERVER and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

The Musical Marvel.

The greatest musical wonder of the world. Less than a cubic foot in size, but it plays *automatically* every tune that has ever been composed (*loud enough for singing accompaniments or dancing*), in the sweetest and richest melody. Elegantly decorated cases, an ornament to any room, and better than a $500 music box. **Price only $101** value, ten-fold the cost. All the popular airs played by a child of five years. **The "ORGANINA"** endorsed by the very highest musical authority. Chickering and others. Send stamp for catalogue. **T. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa., General Agent.**

MAGIC LANTERNS.—Illustrated Catalogue, 10c. Theo. J. Harbach, 809 Filbert St., Philadel'a, Pa.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

$105 A MONTH and EXPENSES, SELLING CIGARS To DEALERS. Samples Free. Local and Traveling SALESMEN. Send Three 2-cent Stamps to insure cover. Address, S. PORTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

CARDS 10 Lily & Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & Engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all, 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

53 Gilt Edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace &c. Cards. Name on 10c. Franklin Prt'g Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

80 Landscape, Chromo Cards, etc, name on, 10c. 20 Gilt Edge Cards, 10c. Clinton & Co, North Haven, Ct.

FREE FOR 3 MONTHS!

The Cricket on the Hearth is the largest, brightest, and prettiest 32 publication in America. It is a 16-page, 64-column Illustrated Literary and Family paper (size of page 11 x 16 in.), and is filled with bright and sparkling Stories and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Puzzles, etc.—in fact, everything to delight and amuse the whole family circle. We want 50,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them, and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not already a regular visitor, we are now making the following extraordinary offer: *On and after the appearance of this advertisement*, we will send THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH **free for three months** *to every reader of this notice who will send us his or her name and address, plainly written, together with* Ten Cents (*in silver or postage stamps,*) *to pay the actual cost of postage on it for that time.* Remember, we charge you nothing for the paper—we make it an absolute free gift for three months to any one who will write to us for it. Make up clubs! Send us a club of five 3-months' subscribers, and 50 cents for postage, and we will send you either a beautiful coin silver-plated **Butter Knife or Sugar Spoon**, of new and elegant pattern, as desired; or for ten subscribers, and $1.00 for postage, we will send you both Knife and Spoon. *Write at once!* Do not miss this chance! Address, S. H. BOORE, Publisher, No. 6 Park Place, New York.

CHOICE SEEDS BEST OFFER YET

A trial will prove it. For nine 3c. postage stamps, I will send you for trial 11 papers CHOICEST SEEDS, rowto of 1880, Verbena (from 100 kinds), Double Crown Aster (mixed colors), new Spiral Mignonette, Sweet William (finest mixed), White Everlasting, Scarlet Salvia Phlox (15 colors mixed), Evening Primrose, Paris Aster (mixed colors), Pink Ageratum, Japan Cockscomb, and my new Illustrated Seed Catalogue. L. W. GOODELL, Amherst, Mass.

ANY GENT or lady that sends us their address will receive something Free by Mail that may prove the stepping stone to a life of success. It is especially adapted to those who have reached the foot of the hill. Address M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

Card Collectors! 20 Samples of Chromo Business Cards, no 2 alike 15c. American Publishing Co., West Haven, Conn.

102 OCEAN SHELLS & CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, name on 10c., 50 for 35c., 40 Gilt and Bevel edge 10c. CLINTON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chrome Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation,
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

---

50 All gold, silver, shell, motto and floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c. Agt's sample book 25c Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

FREE 3 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. WORLD MFG. CO. 122 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

PRINTING PRESSES, TYPES and Material. Send two 3c. stamps for catalogue. B. O. Woods, 9 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

102 Cards, no 2 alike Chromos, Flowers Birds, Animals, &c., name 10c. Victor Co. Northford, Ct.

40 Happy Day, Chromo, Lace, &c. Cards, with name & morocco case 10c. H. M. Cook, Malden, Conn.

20 Gold and Silver Chrome Cards, with name, 10c, post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION.

THE LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR,

A ROYAL REMEDY

Now offered to the American Public by

The Pall Mall Electric Ass'n, of London,

FRONT VIEW
THIS SIDE IS HANDSOMELY CARVED & RESEMBLES A LOCKET OR PENDANT. IT IS HIGHLY POLISHED AND MADE OF A BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL RESEMBLING EBONY.
EXACT SIZE

A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a newly invented Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience has shown that they act immediately upon the blood, nerves and tissues, producing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months. There is no shock or unpleasant feeling attending their use, and they can be worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily life. Full directions accompany each one. Every mail brings us most gratifying letters from those using them.

THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES

Stomach, Liver & Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Gout, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills & Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, & all their Complications.

There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.

A Guarantee goes with every Generator,

OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

BACK VIEW SHOWING THE SURFACE OF THE METALLIC BATTERY OR GENERATOR WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS BE WORN NEXT TO THE BODY.
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS
PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASS'N OF LONDON. N.Y. BRANCH 842 BROADWAY
LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR

From a Railroad Contractor:—BOSTON, MASS., January 20th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex. Inclosed is $3. R. H. SANFORD.

From the Rev. C. Q. Hewlington:—ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y. City, Thursday.—While visiting your city, attending a meeting of our clergy, I was induced to buy your Generator for indigestion and dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. Nothing hitherto tried did me any good; but, believing in electricity, and having found an infallible cure for headache in Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I determined to buy a Generator, which, I am glad to say, relieved me at once, and I now feel entirely cured. I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it, and take this method of thanking you.
[Rev.] C. Q. HEWLINGTON.

From a Naval Officer:—PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 5th, 1881.—Your Generator has proved a blessing to me. I have had a great sufferer from liver trouble and constipation, but am now relieved entirely. I was doubtful at first, as I had tried all sorts of batteries and pads without effect. There is no trouble in wearing it, and it certainly is more agreeable than drugs. E. T. CRAWFORD, U. S. N.

From Major A. H. Townsend:—CHICAGO, ILL., December 17th, 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Inclosed find $6; please send me two more for a friend.
[MAJOR] A. H. TOWNSEND.

Many more could be printed, did space permit.

Having purchased the sole right to introduce them in America, we will **send them on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $1**, which will be returned, if they fail to relieve after a reasonable time. Inclose 10 cts. for registration. Remittances can be made in Check, Draft, Post Office Order, Currency or Stamps, and should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, No. 842 Broadway, New York** [Mention this Paper], or we will send them by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege of opening and examining, but the Express Charges will add considerably to your cost; or ask your Druggist to obtain them for you. Agents wanted in every town.

You have been imposed upon if you have bought a 'Battery,' 'Pad,' or 'Medal,' thinking it was the Generator.

Its great success in England has Caused the Market to be Flooded with Cheap, Worthless Imitations. See that the Name "Pall Mall" is stamped on the Back.

The American Diamond Dictionary, contains 706 double column pages, 1100 engravings, 30000 words, with pronunciation and definitions, according to the best American and English standards; also has a list of foreign Phrases; Abbreviations in general use; Geographical names. Also the names of Am. cities and states; population, size and religions of the world. Words used in the metric system. Division of the Aryan languages. Languages and alphabets of the world. Distances travelled in a second by different animals by locomotives, light, sound, and electricity. Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, with embossed and gilt title. This remarkable book post paid for only 42 cts., two for 75 cts. Address PATTEN & Co. 65 Barclay St. N. Y.

R. DOLLARD,
512
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artist

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

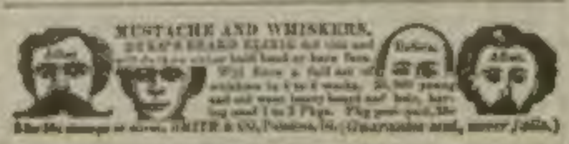
$50 A MONTH! We will pay any active person $50 a month & and expenses to distribute circulars for us and sell our goods $5 a month and expenses to distribute circulars only. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. Salary paid monthly; expenses in advance. We have the best selling goods in the world; no novelties or clap-traps. Sample package of our goods, full particulars, and contract free. Send 15c. for postage and packing. No postals. GEO. S. BICKLE & CO., Madison, Wis.

---

102 YOUR NAME in New Type on 102 Chromos, 10c. All new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Panels, Water Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. AMERICAN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, H. EICKHORN, No. 4, St. Mark's Place, New York.



EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 206 George St. Cincinnati, O.

ORGANS $30 to $1000; 2 to 32 Stops Pianos $125 up. Paper free Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Fine Table Silverware almost Given Away!

After years of experimenting, and by a large outlay of capital, we have at last succeeded in the production of Silver-Plated Ware of the most sterling quality, and of the rarest and most elegant designs, at a reduction of *fully two-thirds the former cost*, and are enabled to place before the public *first-class* Silver-Plated Ware at prices below the cost of very ordinary china. Silver-Plated Ware has always been considered a luxury which many could not afford, but as the prices at which we are now offering it, it is much cheaper than anything else, as it will last a lifetime. There is hardly anything a lady takes more pride in than her table; and what will add more to the beauty of it than a handsome service of silver? and there is now no excuse for any one to be without it. In order to introduce our ware to the public, we propose, for a short time, to sell at *our lowest wholesale prices direct to the consumer*, thereby saving our patrons the large profits made by the jobber and retailer. Formerly any one of these articles would cost you more than we ask for the entire set, and it is only by manufacturing in immense quantities, and by our new process, that we can afford to sell at the following prices: Upon receipt of only **Six Dollars**, we will send by express, to any address, the five pieces represented in the above illustrations, viz.: No. 1. **SUGAR BOWL**—Exquisite in design and workmanship. No. 2. **CAKE BASKET**—Elegant (new model). No. 3. **DINNER CASTER** (6 bottles), very handsome. No. 4. **BUTTER DISH**—Very recherche design, with patent tray. No. 5. **TEA or COFFEE POT**—Fire-proof. This ware is all White Metal, pure Coin Silver Plate, new in design and chasing, and warranted. The Tea or Coffee Pot is pure White Metal, silver-finished. It is of full family size, and is made with a patent copper bottom, rendering it perfectly fire-proof. The Butter Dish has the latest patent tray, it is easily kept clean, and will not corrode like the old-fashioned metal trays. The above cuts represent the ware as accurately as possible, but do not do it justice. Remember, we send the entire list of *five pieces* by express, securely boxed, packed, and guaranteed to reach their destination in perfect condition, upon receipt of only **Six Dollars!** or we will send them C. O. D., provided One Dollar accompanies the order, the same to be deducted from the bill. Or we will send your choice of any one of the five pieces, securely boxed and packed, by express, upon receipt of $1.50, and you may have the privilege of sending the balance, $4.50, for the remaining four pieces in the set, after you have received the first. This is a rare opportunity to secure a magnificent set of silverware. We have established a Salesroom in New York City, at 21 Dey Street, where our goods will be found on exhibition, and if you are in the city we would like to have you call and see them for yourself, or if you have a friend or acquaintance in New York, please ask them to call on us and examine the ware for you. The articles are all full size, as will be seen by the dimensions given above. Do not be deceived by inferior plated ware, as each piece manufactured by us has the *Standard Silver Company* stamped plainly upon it. Any person buying this ware, and not being perfectly satisfied, can return it, and his or her money will be refunded. Remittances made by Post Office Order, Draft on New York (payable to Standard Silver Company), or Registered Letter, at our risk. In ordering, please give your Name, Post Office, County, State, and your nearest Express Office. In writing, mention this paper. Address,

P. O. Box 1,883. **STANDARD SILVER COMPANY, 23 Dey Street, New York.**

Japanese Crape Pictures

These beautiful pictures represent Japanese flowers, vines, shrubbery, landscapes, and artistically drawn figures, transferred in indelible colors to Japanese Crape of the finest texture. Each picture (as our illustration shows) is complete in itself and contains Japanese writing or characters, describing the locality, names of flowers, figures, etc. They are intended for, and make beautiful and brilliant tidies for backs of chairs, sofas, or lounges, and are suitable for lambrequins, center pieces for table covers, etc.; they can be seen in the parlors of our wealthiest families in New York City and elsewhere, are very fashionable, and will be admired and favorably commented upon by your friends. As we are now selling them at one-third their former price, ladies can beautify and ornament their homes at a trifling expense. They make cheap and elegant Christmas or birthday presents. Our prices are as follows (each picture being different): 3 pictures for 10cts.; 6 for 20cts.; 12 for 40cts., sent by mail post paid. Send us clean postage stamps, of any denomination, as we prefer them to silver. Address

EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO.,
39 Ann Street,
BOX 4614. **NEW YORK.**

---

30 ALL Lovely Moss Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agents' sample book including Outfit 20. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., all new styles, name on 10c. Ag'ts samples 15c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

50 Cards, latest designs, Blue-bells, Ferns, Horseshoe Chromo, &c. 10c., Brainard Pr'g Co. Branford, Ct

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Ag'ts outfit 10c. Card Factory, Birmingham, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES

THE task of a chronicler of fashion is now a difficult one—perhaps from the superabundance of modes, and perhaps there is nothing brought out which is generally adopted, for fashion allows so much scope for the exercise of individual taste that no special style may be accepted as the leading one. Indeed, true style in dress is interpreted with more success by those who accept that which is individually appropriate rather than in adopting that which is often an eccentric caprice of Fashion. But with the first appearance of spring goods there are always some items worth chronicling, which are a guide towards solving the question of what new spring styles will take the place of the old ones in the arrangement of the drapery of dresses and the shape of the corsage, particularly as re-modeling and the re-trimming of half-worn toilettes now occupy much attention, and for this purpose there is nothing more effective than the new shaded satin Merveilleux and the new Algerian or Bayadere satins, which latter resemble the Roman scarfs with their gay horizontal stripes, known fully well by all travelers to Italy. The ombre or shaded satins are quite a novelty; they are shaded across the breadth, the darkest color being at one edge, and the lightest at the other; the crimson graduated to pink, and the deep red to pale rose color, are invaluable for sash draperies, if well arranged on dark and black evening toilettes. These shaded satins will have a popular reign; the Bayadere satins also, as they will serve to enliven the quiet stone and grey costumes always much patronized in spring, for they impart that pleasing touch of color and brightness that is associated with the brightness of spring.

These Bayadere stripes are not only in silken goods, but in the fine woolen materials, and will form a conspicuous feature of the popular combinations in drapery and trimmings. It is used for the pleated skirts, for flounces, or a border on flounces, and for the flat panels, paniers, scarfs or facings on the drapery; and on the basque it appears as a pleated plastron, or else in a folded narrow vest that may trim its entire front, or else stop at the waist line. The sleeves have a very narrow facing of the stripes.

The skirts of all short dresses are very narrow, but they are so trimmed that they look both full and important; they are considerably more ornate than even those of last season. The flat, neat kiltings are giving place to bouillonnes or puffs, which are plaited at the top, and swell out in a loose way; or the entire front of the skirt is open, showing five pleated flounces, while the overskirt is draped back to the sides; at others the overskirt is looped up on one side only, almost to the belt, showing single pleatings that go from the belt to the foot of the lower skirt.

Gatherings and gagings are also popular both on skirts and corsages, and a pretty style of pleated flounce is in clusters of triple pleats at intervals, and these are heaped upon each other, caught down, half their length, and then allowed to spread out in a fan-like frill.

Some of the new bodices are short in front, sometimes with a plaited waistband, the back terminating as a coat-tail basque. There is great suppression in the number of seams in a bodice.

A few seasons ago the backs of our dress bodices were ornamented, or, perhaps, rather disfigured, by either six or seven seams, two, or even three side forms, and a back seam being the ordinary number.

Now we have once again reverted to the old style of one centre seam, as, although three joins are allowed, the best-cut dresses show only the centre one, the others being brought so far under the arm as to be practically invisible.

This change will be a great comfort to the amateur dressmaker, and will be an encouragement to those who aspire to make their dresses at home. In fact, if the promised change should be brought about, of having no seams under the arms at all, the work of manufacturing a bodice will be quite reduced to half the usual amount.

The spring models seem to portend a reduction in the seams of our sleeves as well, for some of them have no join on the outside, from the shoulder to the elbow, the top and under parts of the sleeve, so far, being cut in one piece. Of course, below the elbow the shape could not be retained if there were not a seam both at the back and the front. The sleeve is set as high into the bodice as ever, retaining the coat shape, and are most simply trimmed at the wrists, with a tendency to gathering up the inside seam shorter on the arm than the lower part of the sleeve.

Buttons do not occupy the prominent place of last season, being used on many basques merely as the fastening, and are concealed by the folds, pleats, and shirrings of the trimmings, in which I may add that pipings and folds of some contrasting material or color will be a popular feature.

There are not many changes in drapery, for there are quite as many long overskirts as there are short ones, but the object in all seems to be to wrinkle into many folds the soft stuff that falls so readily in graceful folds, to form which the pleats are frequently drawn up and fastened in the belt instead of pleating on the side.

Steel is much seen in laces, passementeries, gauzes, and fringes, and strong contrasts of color are observable in most of the new satin fashions.

All the new satins are soft and supple—nothing like the old satin of our grandmothers, which held itself straight, and lasted an interminable time.

The satins now made are called Duchesse, Merveilleux, and Surah, and they will be extensively worn during the spring and early summer; they are light in texture, drape well, and combine satisfactorily with cashmere and other fine woolen materials

Black Spanish lace is extensively used for trimming these satins, and dresses made entirely of Spanish lace, and mounted on colored and black satin, are likely to be popular as the season advances.

The new summer silks are charming in departing from their usual feature of decided checks, and in their place are slightly defined dashes and bars of a single thread, combining Madras colors of rich hues, yet producing most quiet effects. Threads of olive, blue, gold, and deep green without red, or faint lines of gold next green, then red, then pale blue, irregularly barred.

These are inexpensive, and will make useful dresses for seaside wear.

Among evening toilettes are short dresses of white satin merveilleux, or surah, covered with pleatings of white silk gauze, veiled by lightly gathered flounces of Machlin or Alencon lace. Over this skirt is worn a Louis XV. coat bodice of ruby velvet, the long ends at the back crossed and twisted into a species of tunic, and trimmed with lace laid flat on the velvet The square-cut neck and elbow-sleeves are trimmed with lace, and bouquets of roses or little tufts of feather tips ornament the coiffure and corsage.

The hunting jackets which have been worn this winter promise to be equally popular for spring wear, and form the corsage of many of the new woolen and cotton costumes. The lining has two darts each side; the outside has one box pleat three inches wide down each side, covering the darts of the lining, and there is an under-arm dart that takes in the outside front with the lining. The pleats are not stitched along the edges, but are merely sewed together once, and pressed quite flat. The lining of the back has a short side form each side, but this does not go through to the outside, where there are merely two straight box pleats, each three inches wide, beginning an inch apart at the neck, and continuing like this to the end. Three straps hold the belt securely—one behind, and one on each side. A bag of the same material is often attached to the belt, made quite flat, and worn [illegible] the top, buttoned down.

Demi-saison mantles, as befits a capricious climate, look, and are, cosy and warm; short pelisses and visites are the favorite shapes; the materials are cashmere, and brocades of silk and velvet; marabout trimming, plush, and chenille and bead fringes, take the place of fur borders.

The new cloth jackets are single-breasted, and almost fight-fitting; they are of medium length, and worn with a belt of the same with bag similar to the hunting jacket just described.

Hoods are dying out at last; only a few waterproofs and ulsters are now made with hoods.

Some of the pelisses have the shoulders standing up in ridges, but only exceptional figures will look anyway well with these mantles.

The hair is still worn low, although the coiffure Anglaise, which reduces the head to barrenness, is rarely now adopted by Parisiennes. They crimp their hair, and wear two long curls at the back, and add feathers or flowers, as the case may be.

The floral combs are very pretty, and much in vogue—particularly those composed of a round of shaded rosebuds, white lilac, or forget-me-nots

The flat floral necklets, fastened with a single rose, are fashionably worn with high bodices; but the latest novelty is a jabot of rose leaves, all green, wide at the top, and decreasing gradually to a certain point at the waist with a red rose at the top. These floral jabots look well on dark dresses below the white muslins.

Some of the new hose have the foot of one color up to the ankle, and the rest of broad perpendicular stripes of two colors, or else the foot and leg of one color, and the instep of another, with embroidery. Red, black, or dark blue hose are most fashionable.

Some of the black silk evening hose are made of alternate close and open-worked stripes, and have a design of flowers on the instep matching the color of the dress, with small gold or bronze beads added.

Very large scented sachets are made to lay outside a bed as an ornament. They are composed of quilted or plain satin, with a large monogram in the centre.

Norwegian and Egyptian jewelry are becoming more popular, and the most beautiful designs are being copied.

The ornament of the pig is now no longer a novelty, and a bat, a frog, or a small golden calf are the last new toys. They are made as brooches, pins and suspended ornaments for bracelets and bangles.

Fireside Chat.

QUILTS AND COVERLETS.

PERHAPS no piece of needlework gave our ancestresses more satisfaction, both in the making and when made, as the quilt or bed-coverlet. Cradle quilts also were favorite pieces of needlework, and figure in inventories of Henry VIII.'s time. The real quilts were very handsome, and the amount of labor bestowed upon them was enormous. The seventeenth century was a great time for them, and the work of this period is generally very good. The quilting of some of them is made by sewing several strands of thick cotton between the fine linen of the surface and the lining; when one line was completed the cotton was laid down again next to it, and another line formed A sort of shell pattern was a favorite for this work; when a sufficient space was covered with the ground pattern flowers or other ornaments were embroidered on this excellent foundation.

Perhaps the best result as a work of art was attained when both quilting and flowers were done in bright yellow silk, the effect of this color on white ground being always particularly good

There is so much to be done in this century besides needlework, even by the most industrious workers that such labors as these cannot be advised, except, perhaps, on a small scale for the cot or cradle; but old work supplies us with many good and more practicable models

A good pattern is adapted from an Italian coverlet, with flowers arranged in heart-shaped divisions, and looks well in floss silk on a linen ground either plain or twilled, or with a dispersed pattern. A centre of a yard or more square may be worked in this pattern for the middle of the coverlet, surrounded by a close herring bone line half an inch wide A space five or six inches wide should then be inclosed by another thick line, and be either left plain or worked with a zigzag, roundels, or transverse bars at intervals; outside this a broad border of a pattern enlarged from, or corresponding with, the centre, and again inclosed with one or more thick lines This pattern will also look well covering the whole quilt; the best decoration is obtained by the use of only a few, say four or eight flowers, but the work is more interesting when a variety of flowers is used, all being treated in the same way.

A very effective quilt in quite a different style is made in applied work on unbleached cotton sheeting. A pattern of yellow fruit or flowers with leaves is cut out in colored serges, sewn on with crewels in butt seam stitch; stems, veins, and buds being also worked in crewels, and the ground slightly darned in dim yellow crewels With due care this will keep clean for a very long time, and when soiled may be cleaned again and again; it is an elaborate, but very pleasant and repaying piece of work. It should be noted that the effect much depends on the darning of the ground; if the flowers be another color than yellow, say red pink or blue, the darning may be the same color, but perhaps of a lighter shade.

For a modern embroidered coverlet there is no better plan than the ornamenting of a linen that can be procured, either plain or twilled, but not very fine, as the stouter kinds take embroidery better. This may be worked in crewels in a great variety of ways; one is to divide the quilt into spaces, squares and oblongs, with perhaps a larger space in the middle, and to work in them sprays of flowers adapted to the rectangular shapes, and conventionalized slightly in the same degree; several examples of such treatment of flowers will be found in the illustrations. The dividing lines must be worked with reference to the color of the whole. If the flowers be very varied in color, green will be the best for the lines, which must not be too thin; a close herringbone stitch makes them very well. If the flowers have a prevailing tint, which makes a very pretty coverlet, that color may be introduced in the dividing lines; a line of it between two lines of green makes a good division. A quilt of this kind was lately designed with flowers of the four seasons. The centre is left in a plain oblong and the deep border is divided into sections, two at each side, and three at each end Roses and sunflowers are on one side, representing summer; the corresponding two for autumn being brambles and oranges; at the ends, apple blossom is between two irises for spring; and for winter, holly between two branches of mistletoe The choice of the flowers was made so as to keep the color within due bounds and agreement, and the treatment is large and bold

Much more fanciful and elaborate work than this is done for quilts in crewels on linen. We have seen one on which sunflowers and poppies, peacocks and owls, the rising sun, the moon and stars, with other appropriate suggestions of day and night, labor and rest, are composed into a beautiful design, and bordered with verses from the morning and evening hymn Sleep should be sweet and waking joyful under such a covering as this

A beautiful Persian quilt was embroidered on soft muslin with black, pink, and yellow silks, in the refined style and with the easy execution peculiar to the art products of the "Italy of the East"

If the bed hangings be embroidered, the coverlet should of course match them; it will then probably be of simpler design than those already mentioned. Though corresponding with the curtains, it should differ intelligently from them, seeing that they hang in folds and are only seen in one position, while the quilt lies flat and must be foursquare in design, as it is seen on every side.

Where ready washing is a consideration, coverlets are readily and simply worked on unbleached cotton sheeting in Ingrain cotton, red or blue. A bold pattern, partly in applied work of blue cotton twill, and partly in cotton embroidery, looks very well, and may be easily done, for the twill may be turned in and hemmed on to the ground. The outside edge of this quilt should be bordered with the twill. Another coverlet in a similar style has a pattern of bold arabesques in a border about a foot wide, placed, not at the edge, but where it marks the size of the bed, the quilt hanging beyond it as far as required. This pattern is worked in red Ingrain thread as thick as can be procured, in outline, slightly filled in and pointed with various stitches, such as wide buttonhole, network and cross stitches, and the extreme edge is of Turkey red twill.

Many beautiful old quilts are made of silk and satin, embroidered in pure silks or in gold and silver twist. Most of the best specimens are from France and Italy, where from the arrangement of the houses the beds have continued to be more *en evidence* than has been the case in England for the last two centuries. Many also are of Indian origin; the quilted ground of these is sometimes of fine soft silk and sometimes of thick muslin, over which the patterns are worked in silk. Others, though of Indian workmanship, show a European influence, of which the most curious are those worked at Goa, under Portuguese dominion, in the seventeenth century.

Though often beautiful, and always interesting, these coverlets are only suitable for imitation in their general arrangements or coloring, and the difficulties in the way of a modern coverlet of this kind are such that we do not advise its being undertaken except on a small scale, as for a child's bed, or a "spread," to be put over bed in the daytime.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow.

Answers to Inquirers.

N. P. T.—We are inclined to think they are not.

A. B. S. (Vicksburg, Miss.)—See answer to Lillie.

N. McE. (Laurence, Pa.)—If your story is good enough, we will cheerfully publish it.

C. K. S. (Chesterfield, N. H.)—1. Yes. 2. We have at present no need of anything of the kind.

E. S. (New York, N. Y.)—The name of Peter means "a rock," Philip, "a lover of horses."

J. T. R. (Corry, Pa.)—We do not know of any company of that name, and do not believe there is one.

L. F. (Dillsboro, Ind.)—Mathematical puzzles and problems would have no interest for the majority of our readers.

BLUE (Reading, Pa.)—Wool, silk, and cotton are generally dyed green by first staining them yellow, and then overlaying a blue dye, neither of which contains arsenic.

SUBSCRIBER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Druid Hill Park is in Baltimore, Md. Washington is called the "City of Magnificent Distances," and Baltimore the "Monumental City."

L. S. P.—Whether it is done by the Department of Public Printing at Washington, D. C., or the American Bank Note Co., New York, we cannot say, but think it is the latter.

JOHN CHISL, (Lansing, Mich.)—The lines

"Oh, no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,

are from a song by Haynes Bayley, very popular in its day, but now almost forgotten.

INQUIRER, (Boston, Mass.)—Both are in error. There are several of the name. They are St. William, Archbishop of York A.D 1154; St. William, Bishop of Rochild, A. D 1067; St. William the Martyr, born at Perth, a fast young man, but after having sown his wild oats, he settled down, and St. William the Martyr of Norwich, a very good little boy, aged 12, A. D 1137.

E. E. D. (Edinburg, Pa.)—1. Boiling water will not take the temper from a razor-blade. Possibly if continued for a very long time it might affect it, but the ordinary usage of razors in hot water will not. Completely dry the razor, and rub a little sweet oil over the blade to prevent rusting. The making of luminous paint is the inventor's secret; consequently we cannot give you information how to make it.

LILLIE, (Illinois.)—1. Send a postal directed to yourself, and we will send the address when it may be obtained. 2. By sending two dollars and nineteen three cent stamps you will receive the POST one year and the diamond premium. 3 Your handwriting is good so far as reading it is concerned, but we think it indifferent in the matter of grace or beauty We do not think your questions silly. Ask as much and as often as you please

SOLON, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A series of musical glasses may be arranged so as to produce, when played upon skillfully with small hammers, a series of sounds according with an octave or the eight successive notes of a musical instrument For that purpose, their proportions of size, commencing with 1, should be as follows: One, eight-ninths, four-fifths, three-fourths, two-thirds, three-fifths, eight-fifteenths and one-half.

M. M. E. (New York, N. Y.)—Paris was the son of Priam, King of Troy. He decided the contest of beauty between Venus, Juno, and Pallas, in favor of the former. For this, Venus enabled him to carry off Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta who for took her husband, which act was the cause of the Trojan war. Achilles, of great warlike prowess, and invulnerable except in his right heel, was eventually slain by Paris during the war.

RUSTIC, (Chase, Kans.)—The modern naval ram is not a submarine vessel, but a ship of extraordinary solidity and strength propelled by engines of great power, and armed at the prow, below the water-line, with a sharp, heavy beak, nearly pointed, and diminishing to a sloping edge on the upper side. The beak is part and parcel of the ship, so that, in the event of any serious collision, it may be buried in its victim or carried away, leaving the ship intact

AGGIE, (Lancaster, Pa.)—In matters matrimonial, theological students are to be dealt with exactly like other young men. If you don't like the young clerical, don't keep company with him. You need have no hesitation in telling him that his visits are not appreciated by you. We cannot tell whether your keeping company with him would get you another sweetheart sooner that if you threw him off, but if you are so selfish and regardless of the feelings of others as this portion of your communication would imply, we do not think you deserve another admirer.

HERODOTUS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—How long a period must elapse amongst the "peculiar people called Quakers," between the death of a husband or wife and a second marriage? The entire body of "Friends" is governed by its own code of discipline, enacted and supported by its preparative, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings; and in no case would any second marriage be sanctioned in unseemly haste; but as Friends do not mourn for the dead, there is no limit implied by custom as to time for second marriage

RUBY, (Onslow, W. C.)—You ask whether the expression, "There goes a pair of twins," is right, or if twins does not in strictness mean four children "How can the latter mean four? Suppose that one of the twins that you saw had belonged to a "pair" in the family of Mrs. A., and the other belonged to a "pair" in the family of Mrs. B., would the two twins belonging to different families have constituted a pair? A dozen twins, each from a different family, might be together, and yet there would not be a pair of twins in the whole number. The former expression is correct.

NORMAN D, (Baltimore, Md.)—The nails should be kept clean by the daily use of a nail-brush, with soap and warm water After wiping the hands, but while they are soft from the action of the water, gently push back the skin which is apt to grow over the nails. This attention will not only keep them neatly rounded, but also prevents the skin from cracking around their roots and becoming sore. The points of the nails should be pared at least weekly; biting them should be avoided. The growth of the nails is caused by additions to the base, which as it moves it also receives matter from the skin on which it rests.

OPERA, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Boccaccio was an Italian poet and author, and was born in 1313, at Certaldo, a small town in Tuscany. Besides "the Decameron" he wrote several works the "Genealogy of the Gods," in Latin, the "Ninfale Fiesolane" and "Theseide," poems in Tuscan Next to the "Decameron," his best known work in Italian prose is "Labyrinto d'Amera" or "L'Amorosa Visione." Boccaccio was a contemporary and close friend of Petrarca, one of the crown poets Most of the great poets who have lived since the fourteenth century, including Shakspeare, have borrowed largely from Boccaccio. He died at Certaldo in 1313 in great poverty.

LILIAN, (New York, N. Y.)—This correspondent has been too easily won, not an uncommon fault with young ladies. The fact is, she has fallen in love with some one who does not know of it, and upon whom she certainly has no claim We can sympathize with her, since no doubt her elected knight was the noblest and the best within the range of her vision; but all we can advise her to do is to reason with herself and root up her love. That passion is a very tyrannical master, not worth being a slave to—a very good calm servant when you manage him well. In plain, homely words, it is of no use crying for the moon; and a wise young woman will carefully guard her affections until they are asked for.

I. L. (Edmonson, Ark.)—The sinking fund is a large sum of money set apart by the Government to be exclusively used for the wiping out of the National debt It operates in such a way that as the debt grows smaller the fund grows larger. Thus, the debt is said to "sink" into or be swallowed by it. 2. The District of Columbia has no representation in Congress, nor have its citizens any vote. It is under the control of Congress, which appoints its governing officers 3. The best authorities say there are very good reasons why cousins of a nearer degree than the fourth, should not marry. It is not so much a question of morals as the health mental and bodily, of offspring. 4. Yes. It is very simple. If the land is such a length, about say one thousand yards, and the rails of a certain length, say nine feet or three yards, divide one by the other. Then according as the fence is three, four or five rails, multiply the result by this number. The product will be the number of rails required. 5. There are several colored members from the Southern States. 6. It expires early in the coming May.